

AMERICAN HYMNS

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Our Hymns



Compiled for use in the services of the Baptist Temple

BY

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, LL.D.

HARRY C. JONES

ROBERT B. LIDDELL

ASSISTED BY

DAVID D. WOOD, Mus. Doc.

Copyright, 1903, by Grace Baptist Church, Philadelphia

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P R E F A C E



HEN God created the heaven and the earth “The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” Thus, in the very beginning, song was the choice expression for profound emotion. But song changes with the changing conditions which inspire it. New songs, and new arrangements of songs, are needed, therefore, as new conditions arise. For this reason the Psalms call over and over again for “a new song” and John declares even of the blessed ones in heaven that “they sang a new song.” And such service is inspired of God Himself, for in an hour of special deliverance the Psalmist cries, “He hath put a new song in my mouth.”

Many old hymns are specially dear and helpful to worshipers at the Temple, but there are new ones full of rich promise. God has put these into our mouths. They are preëminently “Our Hymns,” and what has done us so much good will do good to others when they meet for worship, or in the privacy of their own homes.

In compiling this book every phase of church work and worship has been considered, and all classes of sacred songs have been examined, many authors and many publishers have kindly aided this effort, to each of whom special thanks are due.

Believing that “Our Hymns” will be found inspiring and elevating wherever used, we send them forth on their divinely appointed mission.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL,
HARRY C. JONES,
ROBT. B. LIDDELL.

The Baptist Temple,

Philadelphia, November, 1902.

Committee.

OUR HYMNS.



Our Church Home.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

D. D. WOOD.

1. We come to our "Church Home" to-night, With sweet and solemn gladness fill'd;
2. "Tis here we learn of Christ's great love, And by its fullness guide our own.
3. No old, no young, no stranger here, But all as one in Christ we meet;
4. Come join with us in works of love, In serving God and man so true,
5. Here we know the Father cares for us, Here we feel his arm around us thrown,

For God this "home" thro' his great might Did or - der and did build.
We know that an - gels sing with joy, Above our loved Church home.
No friend betrays, no foes we fear, Sheltered by this Mer - cy Seat.
That the ech - o of this hymn may prove A call of Grace to you.
Here we sing and pray, and praise his name For the blessings we have known.

REFRAIN.

'Tis a blessed Home, 'tis a blessed Home, Surely, surely 'tis a blessed Home;

'Tis our Home, 'tis our Home, Surely, surely 'tis a blessed Home.
Our Church Home, our Church Home,

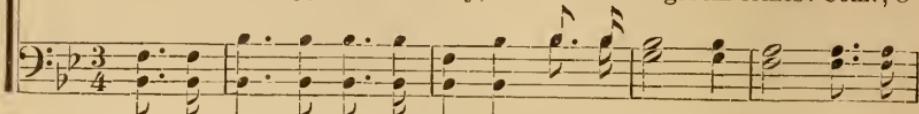
When the Bridegroom Comes.

Rev. D. R. MILLER, D.D.

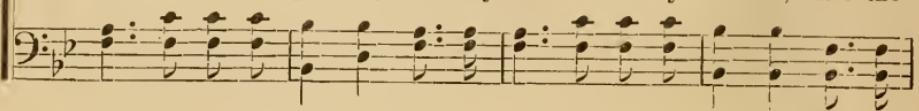
A. B. MORTON.



1. In the shadows of the evening, Will the Bridegroom come? When the
2. In the silence of the midnight, Will the Bridegroom come? When the
3. In the beauty of the morning, Will the Bridegroom come? When the
4. Oh, be read - y, all be ready, When the Bridegroom comes! Come, O



world is dark around us, When the sins of life have bound us, And the
 reap - er death is reap- ing, When the soul in sin is sleeping, And no
 eyes of faith are clear- er, When the pear- ly gates are near- er, And the
 sin - ner, be for - giv - en, From thy sins be wholly shriven, Ere the



REFRAIN.



hand of fear has crown'd us, Will the Bridegroom come? When the Bridegroom comes,
 guard the watch is keeping, Will the Bridegroom come?

Saviour is the dearer, Will the Bridegroom come? Refrain for 4th verse.
 throb - ing sky be riven, When the Bridegroom comes. For the Bridegroom comes,

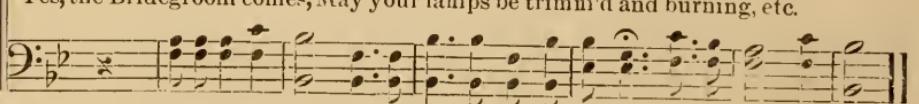


When the Bridegroom comes,

When the Bridegroom comes?

Will your lamp be trimm'd and burning,

Yes, the Bridegroom comes, May your lamps be trimm'd and burning, etc.



By Grace Alone.

5

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

SOLO OR DUET.

2 Thess. ii : 16.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. A message sweet is borne to me On wings of joy divine; A wondrous
2. I hear the mes- sage that I love When morning dawns anew, I read it
3. Oh, wondrous grace for all mankind, That spreads from sea to sea! It heals the

message, glad and free, That thrills this heart of mine; I'm sav'd by grace, by grace a-
in the sun above That shines across the blue; I hear it in the twilight
sick and leads the blind, And sets the pris'ner free; The soul that seeks it cannot

alone, Thro' Christ, whose love I claim, No other could for sin atone, Ho- sanna
still, And at the sunset hour,-I'm sav'd by grace! what words can thrill With such a
fail To see the Saviour's face, And Satan's pow'r cannot prevail If we are

CHORUS.

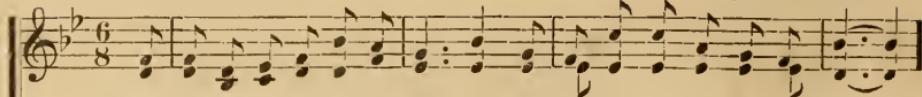
to his name! O glorious song that all day long With tuneful note is
mag- ic pow'r? glorious song all day long
sav'd by grace.

ringing, I'm sav'd by grace, amazing grace, And that is why I'm singing!
I'm sav'd by grace, a - mazing grace,

Trusting in Jesus Alone.

FLORA BEST HARRIS. Chorus altered.

JNO R. SWEENEY.



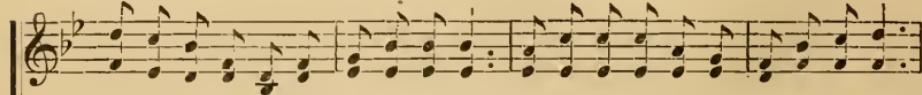
1. A burden was laid on my spir- it, Whose weight was too heavy to bear;
2. The shadows of doubt gathered round me, The skies all above me were dim ;
3. Then weary I sat by the wayside, The tears falling fast from my eyes,



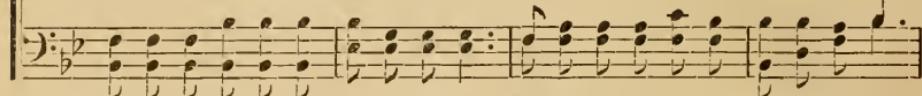
And so I just brought it to Je-sus, And his loving heart heeded my pray'r.
 And scarce could I see thro' the darkness, The road that would lead me to him.
 When, lo, on the far away mountains, I beheld the glad morning a-rise.



CHORUS.



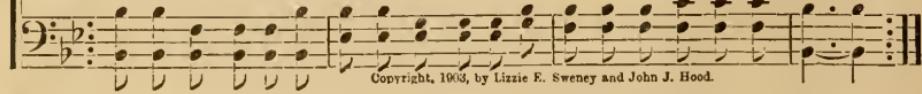
Living for Jesus, my Refuge and Guide, Living for Jesus, what want I beside ?



Earth's golden treasures seem nothing but dross,
 Since I have anchored my heart to his cross;



Trust - ing, trust - ing, Trusting in Jesus a - lone.
 Trusting in Jesus, I'm trusting in Jesus, I'm



Copyright, 1903, by Lizzie E. Sweeney and John J. Hood.

4 Its radiance came down from the hill-tops
 And smiled on the valleys below,
 My heart sang aloud in its gladness,
 For the beautiful sunshine's bright glow.

5 I looked on the face of the Master,
 It shone thro' the glory of day;
 And, leaning my spirit upon him,
 The burden slipped softly away

God shall Wipe All Tears away.

7

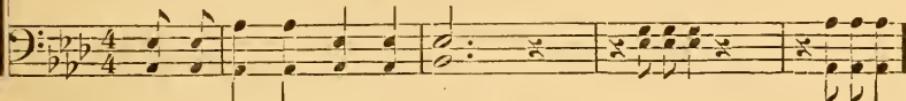
Isaiah xxv: 8.

LOTTA B. WHITE.

A. B. MORTON.



1. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,
2. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
3. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
4. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,



When earth's night has passed a-way, By and by, by and by;

In that res - ur - ection day.

All earth's sorrows will re - pay.

We shall sing his praise for aye, By and by, by and by;



In that land that knows no night, But where Je - sus is the light,
 In that land so bright and fair, With our loved ones we shall share
 No more partings, no more tears, No more sighing, no more fears,
 We shall nev - er know a care, Nor a grief nor burden bear,

rit. e dim.



We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.

All the glories o - ver there,

Spend with Christ the endless years,

Always happy o - ver there, By and by, by and by;

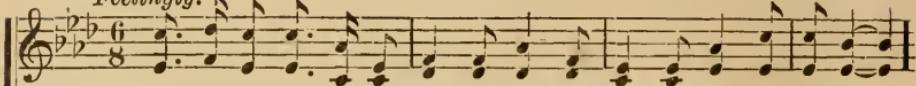


8 Jesus of Nazareth Passed my Way.

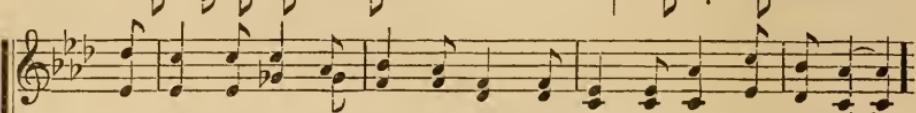
BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

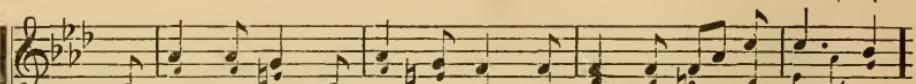
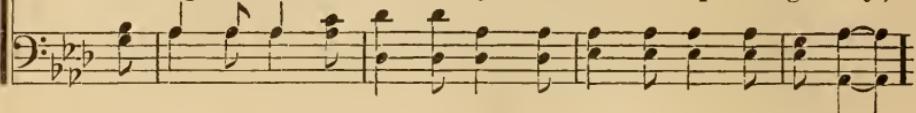
Feelingly.



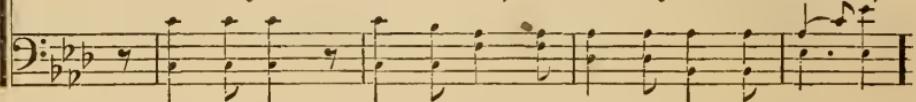
1. Je - sus of Nazareth passed my way, My heart is filled with singing,
2. Je - sus of Nazareth passed my way, He gave me sight for blindness,
3. Je - sus of Nazareth passed my way, Oh, precious is the sto - ry!



My darkness he has turned to day, New life and gladness bringing;
 Tormenting doubts he did al - lay With words of heav'ly kindness;
 I'll sing it thro' life's lit - tle day, And chant it up in glo - ry;



My garments, soiled and stained with sin, I cast a - side, un - heeding,
 With- in my heart he woke a song, He taught my lips to praise him,
 The Great Physician made me whole, Redeemed my life from sadness,



He clad me in his raiment clean, In an - swer to my pleading.
 Although temptations 'round me throng My grateful heart o - beys him.
 And while e - ternal years shall roll I'll sing this song of gladness.



CHORUS.



Je - sus of Naz - areth passed my way, Redeemed me by his pow'r;



Jesus of Nazareth, etc.—CONCLUDED.

9



Oh, hear the cry, "he pass- eth by," Give him thy heart this hour.



Overcoming In the Name of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON.

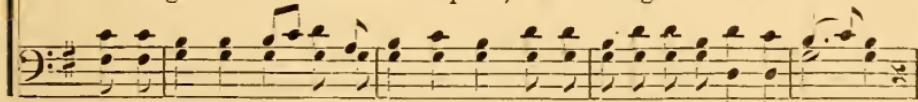
A. B. MORTON.



1. I have found release from the bonds of sin, Overcoming in the name of Jesus;
2. O'er temptation's pow'r I have gain'd control, Overcoming in the name of Jesus;
3. I will sing redemption while here below, Overcoming in the name of Jesus;
4. I will prove the wonderful depths of grace, Overcoming in the name of Jesus;



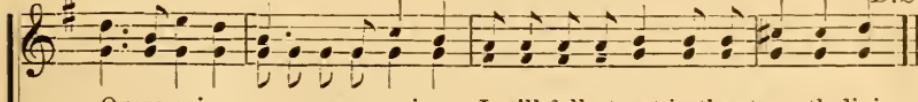
There is holy gladness my heart within, Overcoming in the name of Jesus.
Evil's charms no longer allure my soul, Overcoming in the name of Jesus.
With a joy triumphant I onward go, Overcoming in the name of Jesus.
Till on high with sav'd ones I find a place, Overcoming in the name of Jesus.



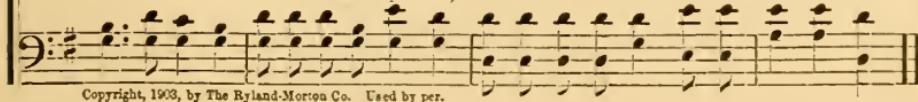
D.S.—Till the crown of life shall at last be mine, Overcoming in the name of Jesus.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Overcoming, o - vercoming, I will fully trust in the strength divine,
in the name of Je-sus,



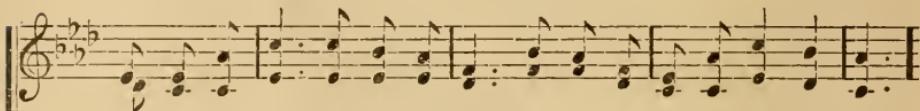
Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo- ry bright;



Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground." Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.

For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground. But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta - ble-land;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

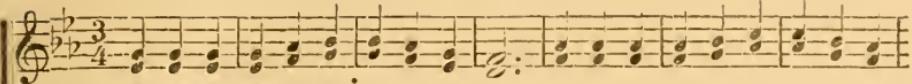


Send out the Sunlight.

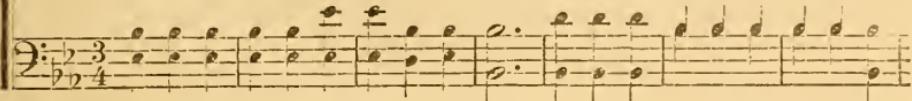
11

ELLEN DAKE.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disappears.
2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all at rest.
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day. Crown all the years with its luminous ray.
4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary



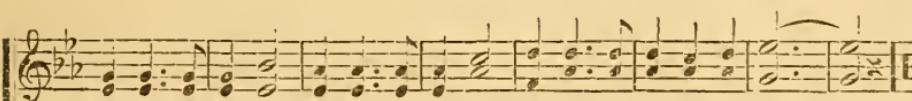
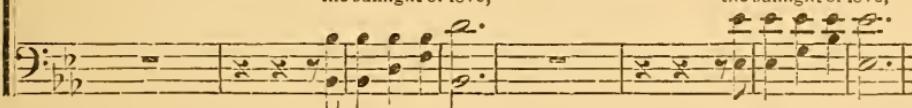
pear—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.
 stirred—Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard, Send out the sunlight of love.
 ray, Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.
 mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.



CHORUS.



Send out the sunlight of love, Send out the sunlight of love,
 the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,



Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.
 the sunlight of love.



Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

5. Send out the sunlight, as free as the air! Blessings will follow with none to compare, [spair!]
6. Send out the sunlight, you have it in your Clouds may obscure it just now from your view; [come true,]
- Blessings of peace, that will rise from deep—
- Pray for its presence! your prayer will be heard,
- Send out the sunlight of love,
- Send out the sunlight of love,

Pass it On.

REV. HENRY BURTON, A. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
 3. Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

given for thee alone. Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the
 sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and
 groping in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years. Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears; Till in heaven the deed appears
 grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe; You have reaped what others sow,
 high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D.S.—Christ, you live a-gain, Live for him, with him you reign,

Fine. CHORUS.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheerful

D.S.

word or lov-ing deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

Not Mine, But Thine.

13

"For ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. vi: 20.

E. E. HEWITT.

Companion to "I Know He's Mine." BENJ. FRANKLIN BUTTS.



1. Not mine, but thine, the hours that pass, Like light and shade above the grass ;
2. Not mine, but thine, this life on earth, Naught but thy grace can give it worth ;
3. Not mine, but thine, the joys I own, Bright gifts of love from thee alone ;
4. Not mine, but thine, the cross I bear, The works I do, the robe I wear ;



Bought with a price, thy blood outpoured, Thine would I be, my ris- en Lord.

Let all its pow'r's surrendered be, To car- ry out thy will for me.

Used by thy help, so rich, so free, Oh, may they smile and shine for thee !

Not mine, but thine, thro' endless days, The swelling song of grateful praise.



CHORUS.



Not mine, but thine, O Love Divine ! To thee my all I now re-sign ;



Consume its dross, its gold re- fine, The starry crown, not mine, but thine.



Will You be One?

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

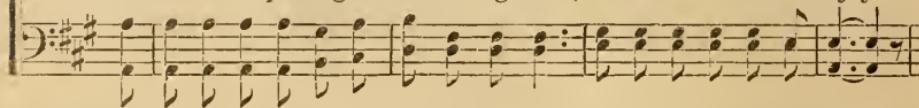
FRANK M. DAVIS.



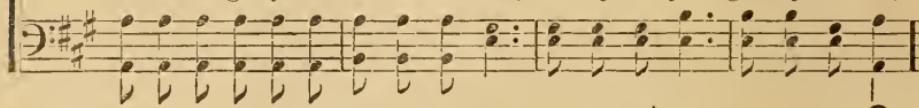
1. Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?
2. Will you be one whom the Saviour will claim? Will you be one, will you be one?
3. There will be joy in that eit- y so fair, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy;



Around the white throne of the Saviour to stand? Will you, O will you be one?
 An heir of salvation thro' faith in his name? Will you, O will you be one?
 There'll never be parting nor sorrowing there, All will be wonderful joy.



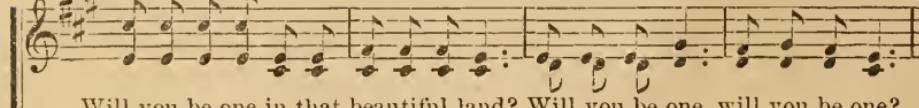
Will you be there in the glorified throng? Will you be there, will you be there?
 Will you with Jesus forev - er abide, Safe- ly at home, safe- ly at home?
 There will be glory for sinners redeem'd, Glo- ry for you, glo - ry for me,



To sing the sweet strain of that blessed new song, Will you, O will you be there?
 Where ev'ry heart-longing shall be satisfied, Safely forev- er at home.
 Beyond all that mortals have heard or have dream'd, Glory for you and for me.



CHORUS.



Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?



Ev- er rejoic - ing at Jesus' right hand, Will you be one? . . .
 Will you be one by and by?

Trust Him.

JENNIE WILSON.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Fully trust the loving Saviour, Weary, doubting soul, Give thy life, with
 2. Trust him when thy heart is aching, Wheu thy load of care Seemeth to thy
 3. Trust the Saviour when the storm-clouds Veil from view the light, He is closer
 4. Trust the Saviour 'till each trouble Of this life is o'er, Then a - bid- iug

CHORUS.

all its trials, In- to his control. Trust him, trust him, Trust the Saviour
 fainting spirit More than thou can'st bear.
 in the darkness Than when skies are bright.
 in his glory, Praise him evermore. ||: Trust him, ||: trust him, ||:

day by day ; Tho' thy path be rough and lonely, Trust him, trust him all the way.

Christ Shall Have All.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



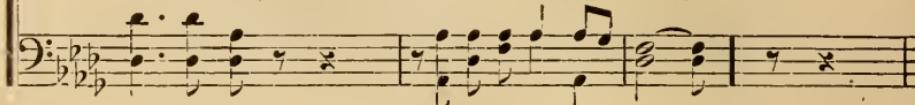
1. Not with di - vid - ed heart Come I, O Lord, to thee, But thine in
 2. To thee for help I cried, When I was lost in sin; Je - sus hath
 3. Bought at tremendous cost By the dear Saviour's blood, Saved to the



CHORUS.



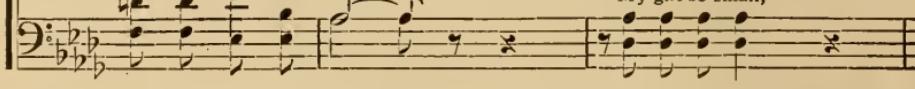
ev - 'ry part For - ev- er - more to be. Christ shall have
 sat - is - fied, Now I have peace with - in.
 ut - termost, Under the crim - son flood.



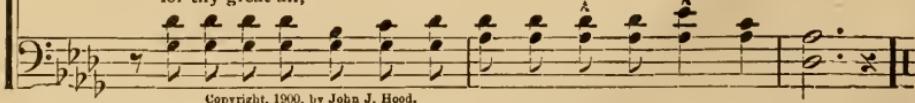
all, Christ shall have all my heart, For less than
 Christ shall have all, have all



this I could not bring; My gift so small, for thy great
 My gift so small,



all, And less than this I could not, dare not bring.
 for thy great all,



Copyright, 1900, by John J. Hood.

4 Dead to the world and sin,
 Upward my feet shall press;
 Alive to Christ my Lord,
 And to his righteousness.

5 Yet more of love bestow,
 More of thy grace impart,
 And cause to overflow,
 With gratitude, my heart.

By Clear Galilee.

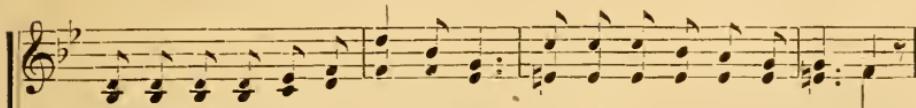
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Rev. GEORGE P. BEARD.

A. B. MORTON.



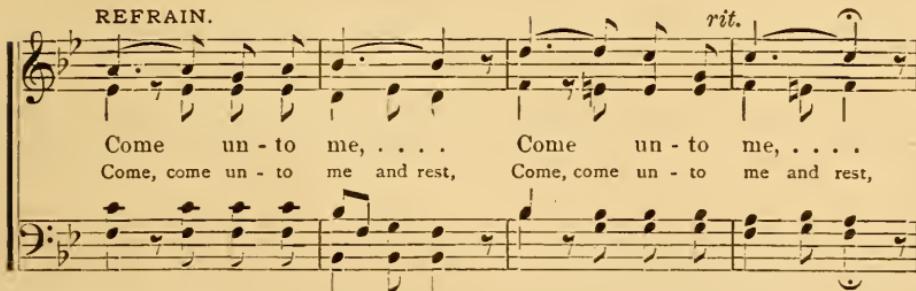
1. By the clear waters of Gal - i - lee, Jesus was teaching and praying;
2. Take thou my yoke, it is light to bear; Learn thou of me, I am low- ly;
3. Peace like a riv- er I give to thee, Earth has no surcease for sorrow,
4. Tempted ones, I will your troubles share, Come to me, nothing can sever;



Weary ones working on land and sea Heard his sweet words to them, saying:
Find in my service relief from care, Heaven is rest for the ho - ly.
Joy in its fullness your portion be, Come, do not wait for to - morrow.
Mansions for weary ones I'll prepare, Come and rest with me for- ev - er.



REFRAIN.



I have been, like you, a man of great sorrow, Come unto me and rest. . . .
Come, come to me and rest.



Now are We the Sons of God.

Soprano or Tenor Solo.

1 John iii: 2.

Wm. G. FISCHER.

Be - lov - ed, Be - lov - ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it

Repeat as Chorus.

doth not yet appear what we shall be, what we shall be;
it doth not

But we know that when he shall ap - pear

But we know he shall appear

we shall be like him, we shall be like him, But we know . . . that when

But we know

he shall ap - pear We shall be like him, we shall be

like him, For we shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he

dim.

shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he is.

Jordan's Waves I do not Fear.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an- gel Death will come to me;
 2. My sins he long a - go forgave, And still I feel his pow'r to save;
 3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me he's kept;

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
 And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
 If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

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4 My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide. | 5 So when at death's cold brink I stand,
 But safely cross'd with Christ their guide; | My hand clasp'd in my Saviour's hand;
 They sweetly whispered in my ear, | I too shall shout in tones so clear,
 Old Jordan's waves I do not fear. | Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Jesus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev- 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray;
 joyce in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc- ti-fied,
 bur - den lighter, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and tender, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won-



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.

And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glorified, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.

And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



CHORUS.



When love shines in . . . When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,



tuned to singing, When love shines in; . . . When love shines in, . . . When
 when love shines in, . . . When love shines in, . . .





love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
when love shines in.



When love shines in,

Smile in God's Name.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

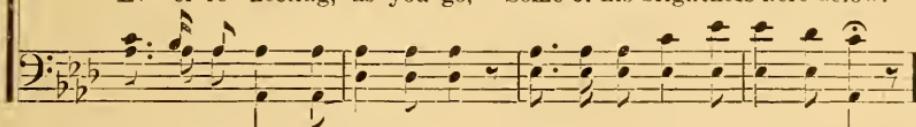
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Smile in God's name, tho' dark the sky, Back of the clouds the sun doth lie.
2. Smile in God's name, speak words of cheer, Tell of the Friend so true and dear;
3. Smile in God's name, forget your woes, Trustingly say, my Father knows,



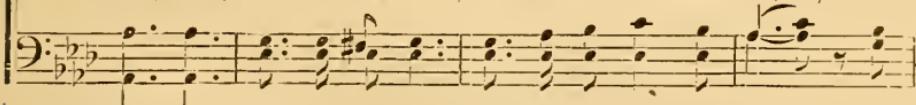
After the rain comes gleam and glow, Newness of life to all below.
Scatter the sunshine while you may, Glo - ri - fy him each passing day.
Ev - er re - flecting, as you go, Some of his brightness here below.



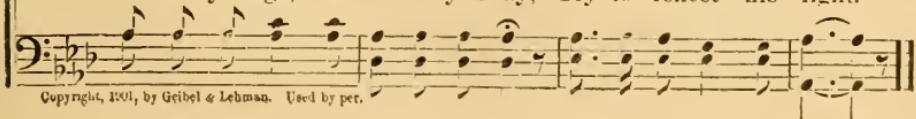
CHORUS.



Smile, smile, smile in God's name, Scatter the sunbeams bright; Wher-



ev - er you go, whatever you say, Try to reflect his light.



Carry the Light.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Many in darkness are far astray, Carry the light, carry the light,
 2. Let us unite in this blest employ, Carry the light, carry the light;
 3. Living for Jesus, we'll work and pray, Carry the light, carry the light;
 4. Clearer and clearer the dayspring glows, Carry the light, carry the light;

Spreading the beams of the gospel day, Car-ry the beauti-ful light;
 Tell the good news of salvation's joy, Car-ry the beauti-ful light.
 Walking with him in the shiuing way, Car-ry the beauti-ful light;
 Brighter and brighter the morning grows, Car-ry the beauti-ful light.

Tell them the gift of the Father's love, How the dear Saviour he gave;
 Singing of Jesus, our songs are bright, Bright with the blessing he brings;
 O, there's a glory that fills the heart, Sunshine of pardon and peace;
 Jesus is coming in wondrous might, Coming in splendor to reign;

Tell them of mercy that smiles above, Je-sus, almighty to save!
 Helping to scatter the shades of night. Sing of the Lord's healing wings.
 Let us the se-cret to all impart, Helping the kingdom's increase.
 Sorrow and sighing shall take their flight, E-den shall blossom a-gain.

CHORUS.

Light! light! beautiful light! Streaming from heaven's fair height; Living for
 Je - sus, our precious Sav- iour, Car - ry the beau - ti - ful light.

The Homeland.

H. R. HAUWEIS.

DAVID D. WOOD.

1. The Homeland, the Homeland, The land of the free-born; There's no night in the
 2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With angels bright and fair; There's no sin in the
 3. For those I love in the Homeland Are calling me away, To the rest and peace of the

Homeland, But aye the fadeless morn. I'm sighing for the Homeland, My
 Homeland, And no temptation there. The music of the Homeland Is
 Homeland, And the life beyond decay; For there's no death in the Homeland, There's

heart is aching here; There's no pain in the Homeland To which I'm drawing near.
 ringing in my ears, And when I think of the Homeland My eyes gush out with tears.
 no sorrow above; Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of his e - ternal love.

Loyal Soldiers.

JOHN D. MORGAN.

PERCY S. FOSTER.

March time.



1. True in heart and loy - al we are ev - er, To our Lord and Master,
 2. Ever on, from strength to strength progressing, Ev'ry pow'r impressing,
 3. Marching onward, ev - er onward, upward, Marching ev - er forward,



in each day's endeavor; True in thought, in deed, in word and purpose,
 we would by his blessing, Give ourselves in lov - ing- hearted service
 marching ever heav'nward, Bearing high the cross-embazon'd banner

*p Prayerfully.*

to our Lord and King. Help us, Jesus, day by day, to be true to thee,
 to our Lord and King. Help us, Jesus, day by day, to be true to thee,
 of our Lord and King. Help us, Jesus, day by day, to be true to thee,

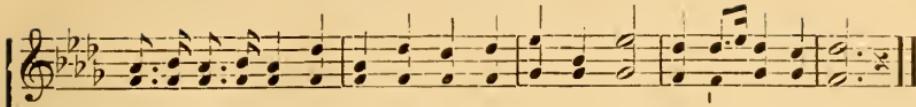


to live all for thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.
 to live all for thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.
 to live all for thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Saviour, King.

*tempo.*

Soldiers, loy - al, serving Christ our leader, We will nev - er fal - ter,
 Go - ing forth unto the world-wide reaping, Fainting not nor sleeping,
 In the might of him who reigneth o'er us, We will be vic - torious,





we will never waver, Help us e'er stand firm for thee, Saviour, Lord and King.
 faith and courage keeping, May we win the world for thee, Saviour, Lord and King.
 in our cause so glorious, And the world shall worship thee, Saviour, Lord and King.



I Am Willing.

H. H. R.

Rev. H. H. RYLAND.



1. I am willing, blessed Saviour, Now to be no longer mine;
2. All my life has been so sin - ful, Like a sheep I went a - stray;
3. Far a-way from thee I wandered On the mountains wild and bare;
4. Blessed Je - sus, now receive me, I come leaning on thy word;



Help me make a full sur-ren - der, Let my will be lost in thine.
 Nev - er would I do thy bidding, Ev - er turned to my own way.
 Far a-way from the Good Shepherd, Turning from his tender care.
 Thou a - lone canst ful - ly save me! Let a sinner's cry be heard.



D.S.—Willing now to give up sinning, Love, o - hey, and trust in thee.

CHORUS.



I am willing, blessed Je - sus, Willing now thy child to be;



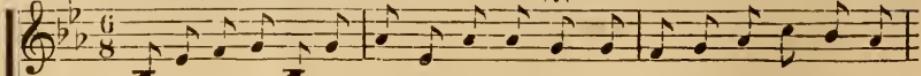
It Was So Little.

IDA L. REED

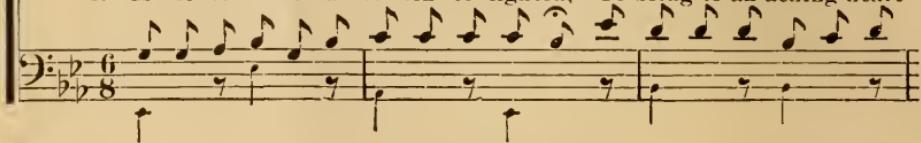
Mark ix: 41.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.



1. It was so little, the kindness you offered, The hand-clasp so tender, the
2. "It was so little," you say, and forgetting—Pass on, all unknowing how
3. Is it so little a burden to lighten,—To bring to an aching heart

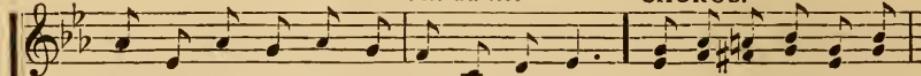


word, sweet and low; But all of the world for one soul was made brighter, How
Je-sus has blest So richly, the words that for him you have spoken, Or,
healing and balm? Ah, is it so lit-tle, a pathway to brighten.—Some

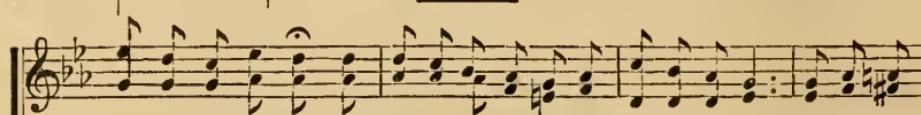


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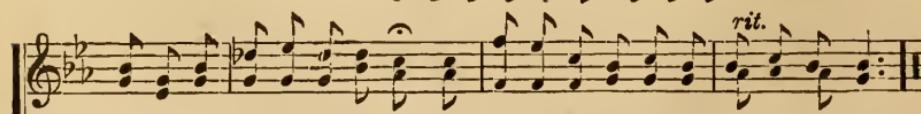
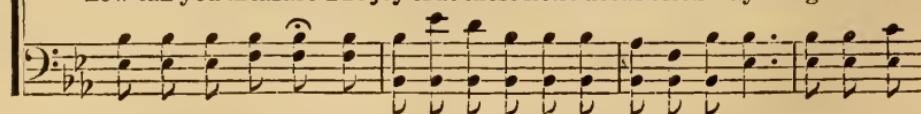
CHORUS.



much,—on-ly Je-sus the Mas-ter will know. "It was so lit-tle," yet
how you have brought, to some troubled heart, rest.
storm of un-rest in a sad soul to calm?



how can you measure The joy that these little deeds often may bring Into sad



lives, all the gladness, the blessing That you may bestow in the name of the King!



Just as I Am I Come to Thee.

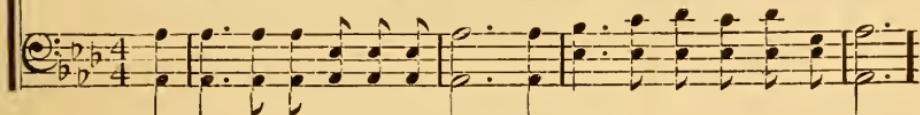
27

C. H. M.

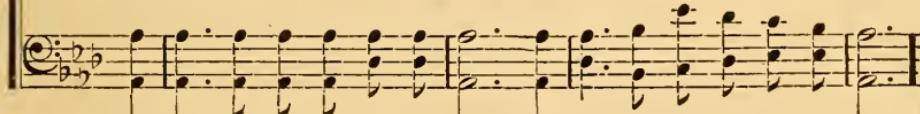
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Just as I am I come to thee, Myself I can- not better make;
2. Just as I am, yet this I know, The blood will all-sufficient be;
3. Just as I am I come to - day, My hungry soul cries out for thee;
4. Just as I am, my Life, my Love, My soul here finds a perfect rest;



The precious blood my on- ly plea, Oh, save me for thy mercy's sake.
 I shall be whiter than the snow, Made fully whole in trusting thee.
 I can no long- er stay a - way, Thine, wholly thine I long to be.
 While like the weary, wand'ring dove, Safe fold-ed in thy love I rest.



CHORUS.



Just as I am, Just as I am I come to Thee;
 Just as I am, Just as I am, I come to thee



Oh, hear me, bless me, save me, Lord, Just as I am I come to thee.



28 **Keep On the Sunny Side of Life.**

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
 2. 'Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we
 3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, 'Tho' the moments be

sun-ny side, too; 'Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The
 cherished so dear; Sturm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
 cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav- iour al - wav. Who

CHORUS.

sun-ny side we also may view. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
 sun again will shine bright and clear.

keepeth ev- 'ry one in his care.

sun-ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev'ry day,

It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

Transformation.

29

"I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. lxi: 16.

"BEULAH."

With expression.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once my eyes saw nothing comely In the low - ly Naz - ar- ene,
2. Once my ears could find no mu - sic In his ten - der, pleading voice;
3. Once my robes, by sin pol - lut - ed, Were as filth - y rags unclean;
4. Once I roamed in des - erts dreary, Sought in vain a place of rest;

All his grace was hid - den from me By the clouds of sin between;
Now he speaks, and each low whisper Makes my trembling heart rejoice.

In the great King's roy - al presence I could nev - er thus be seen.
Now my soul, no long - er wea - ry, Leans entranced up - on his breast;

I was blind, but now I see,— Je - sus paid the debt for me.
His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib - er - ty!
I am whit - er now than snow,—Je - sus' blood has made me so.
Bless- ed- ness beyond de - gree, Je - sus is a rest for me!

I was blind, but now I see,— Je - sus paid the debt for me.
His dear word hath made me free,— Oh, what boundless lib - er - ty!

I am whit - er now than snow,—Je - sus' blood has made me so.
Bless- ed- ness beyond de - gree, Je - sus is a rest for me!

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5 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Half his love was never told;
I have found his kingly favor
Richer treasure far than gold.
||: Praise him, O my ransomed soul,
While eternal ages roll. :||

6 Oh, that all who hear the story
For themselves would taste and see;
Come to him; his banner o'er thee
Everlasting love shall be.
||: To thy weary soul be giveu
Rest on earth and rest in heaven. :||

We will Make a Joyful Noise.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. We will sing and make a joyful noise to God, We will tell his mighty
 2. We will sing his boundless mercy, ev - er new, And his grace in showers
 3. We will sing of Christ the Saviour and his love, We will worship our Re-

wonders all a - broad; Of his maj - es - ty and wisdom we will sing,
 a - bundant as the dew; We will spread his gospel truths from pole to pole,
 deem- er - King a - bove; For his kingdom stretches wide from sea to sea,

CHORUS.

And a - dore him as our u - ni - ver - sal King. Joy and praise we will
 And his matchless love in songs of triumph roll. Joy and praise

And his glorious reign forevermore shall be.

Joy and praise

raise To the honor of his great and mighty name; Oh, rejoice,

we will raise

Oh, rejoice,

heart and voice, Sing hosanna, and his wondrous love proclaim!

heart and voice,

love proclaim !

The Beautiful, Beautiful Hills.

31

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi: 1.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When my soul is oppress'd, When my heart is distress'd, With its weight of life's
 2. That fair cit - y of God, Mortal never hath trod, There the cold wind of
 3. There the angels of light Praise the Lord day and night, Heaven's courts with [their

burdens and ills,— I will lift up mine eyes Un- to that par- a - dise
 death nev- er chills; There no fears can appal, There no tears ev- er fall
 melody thrills, While there rolls a new song By that great blood-wash'd throng

Fine. CHORUS.

On the beautiful, beautiful hills. On the hills, beautiful hills, I will
 On the hills, beautiful hills,

D.S.—On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

lift up mine eyes to the hills; I shall join in the song With that glorified throng
 beautiful hills;

John J. Hood, owner.

Copyright, 1899, by J. Howard Entwistle

4 Where my dear ones await,
 Just inside the pearl gate,
 I shall go when my dear Father wills,
 Then what joy there will be,
 When each other we see
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

5 There they never have night,
 For the Lamb is the light.—
 All the land with his glory he fills;
 Soon he'll call me to come,
 And with him rest at home
 On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

As We Go.

Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS.
Cheerfully.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Let us render loving deeds, Freely unto him who needs, As we go,
2. Let us help the weary soul, Burden'd down beyond control, As we go,
3. Let us others try to save From the dark, untimely grave, As we go,
4. Let us tell to Jesus Christ Who for us was sacrificed, As we go,

as we go; It may save him from despair, And his life may even spare,
 as we go; If we make his burden light, Clear his path and make it bright,
 as we go; It may lead them to the Lord, And to heaven's rich reward,
 as we go; Tell how he can save from sin, Make us clean and pure within.

CHORUS.

If we give him tender care, As we go. As we go, let us pur-
 It will give us all delight, As we go.
 If we speak a kindly word, As we go.
 How the crown of life to win, As we go.

sue What the Lord would have us do; Let us ne'er a duty shirk,
 us pur- sue have us do,

But for soul's salvation work, As we go, as we go.

A. B. M.

Ephesians vi: 11-17.

A. B. MORTON.

Marcato. All sing melody.

CHORUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Helped by helping others; 'Tis a golden rule, Learned by happy lessons
 2. If we lift a neighbor To a nobler plane, On the mount of blessing,
 3. If we love the Master, Not for self we live; Strength and sunny gladness

In the Master's school; In the dai- ly conflict We shall stronger grow,
 Higher ground we gain; Taking from his shoulder Heavy loads of care,
 We must freely give; Cheering up a comrade, As we pass along,

CHORUS.

If we help an- oth - er O - vercome the foe. Help-ing oth - ers,
 Lighter seems the burden We ourselves must bear.
 Love's sweet notes re-echo, Fill our hearts with song.

'tis a blessed way, Helping others, practice it to-day; Help'd by helping

others, 'tis the way that wins, Help'd by helping others, heav'nly joy begins.

They Brought their Gifts to Jesus. 35

EBEN E. REXFORD.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. They brought their gifts to Jesus, And laid them at his feet, And love for
2. A - part from other giv - ers, A poor wayfar - er stood; He saw the
3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I

this dear Sav - ionr Made ev - 'ry off'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of
gifts they of - fered, The poorest counted good. And he was fill'd with
have to give thee, My sin - ful, wayward heart." Then Je - sus answered

kindness, Help for the poor of earth, And not a gift among them
long - ing, A gift, tho' poor, to bring; A - las! all empty hand - ed
soft - ly, "Count not the gift as small; Tho' all of them are precious,

CHORUS.

Was thought of lit- tle worth. Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus That he will
He stood before the King.
Thine is the best of all."

connnt most sweet? Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. No dan - ger can my soul affright, Since Christ the Lord is mine!
 2. No tempter shall my soul al - lure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!
 3. Let earth - ly rich - es come or go, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

No harm I fear, by day or night, Since Christ the Lord is mine!
 In him I hide—I rest se - cure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!
 In him the high - est wealth I know, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

CHORUS.

Since he is mine, There's peace di - vine, My soul he fills with
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's peace divine,

joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine! Since he is mine, There's peace di -
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's

vine, My soul he fills with joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine!
 peace divine,

John J. Hood, owner Copyright, 1898, by J. Howard Entwistle.

4 My yoke is easy.—burden light,
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!
 Each day my pathway seems more bright,
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!

5 In him I have each need supplied,
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!
 In him my soul is satisfied,
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!

IN GOD'S OWN TIME.

37

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi: 9.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. If o'er thy way dark clouds are cast, Look up with faith till they are
2. Hast thou pray'd long and fervently, And yet no an - swer came to
3. Look up with joy, nor long-er weep, Thy God will ev - 'ry promise

past, The sun will surely shine at last, In God's own time, in God's own time. thee? Thy pray'r will sometime answer'd be, In God's own time, in God's own time. keep, And thou wilt yet the harvest reap. In God's own time, in God's own time.

CHORUS.

Then do not fear, tho' dark the night. But rise on wings of faith sublime,

rise on wings of faith sublime,

Do not fear, tho' dark the night, rise on wings on wings of faith sublime,

rit.

For ev'rything will come out right, In God's own time, in God's own time. yes, ev'rything will come out right, In God's own time,

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4. Tho' thro' the glass thou can't not see, And wonder why some things must be, Yet thou wilt know each mystery, In God's own time, in God's own time.
5. And would'st thou be forever blest? Just trust in God and do thy best, Then thou shalt enter into rest, In God's own time, in God's own time.

Do the Best You Can.

1. If clouds blot out the sunshine A-long the path you tread, Don't grieve in
 2. A-way with vain repin-ing! Sing songs of hope and cheer, Till many a
 3. So in the time of trouble Let not your courage fail, The clouds must

hopeless fashion, And sigh for brightness fled; Beyond the cloud the
 wea-ry comrade Grows strong of heart to hear; He who sings o-ver
 sometime van-ish, The sun at last pre-vail; Trust we th'e-ter-nal

D.S.—Let not your courage

sunlight Shines in God's changeless plan. Trust that the way will brighten,
 trouble, With faith in God a-bove, Sees thro' earth's clouds the sunshine
 goodness. The all-wise Father's plan. And, brave with hope and courage,

fal-ter, Keep faith in God and man, And all a-long life's pathway

Fine. CHORUS.

And do the best you can. Then do your best, . . . Yes,
 Of God's e-ter-nal love. Do just the best you can. Then do the best you can,

Do just the best you can.

D.S.

do the best you can; Then do your best, Yes, do the best you can;
 Then do the best you can,

Working, Watching, Praying.

39

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Go forth! go forth for Je - sus now—Be work - ing! be watch - ing! The
 2. Go forth! go forth to all the world! Oh, stay not! de - lay not—But
 3. Go forth! let heart and hand be strong! Be working! be watch - ing! Oh,
 Go forth! go forth!



Lord himself will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
 let love's banner be unfurled, And grace be told. Oh, let redeeming
 stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Where'er you may. Equipp'd with love and



field to choose—No work he gives must thou refuse— Be working! be
 love be sung—A song of joy on ev'ry tongue! Be working! be
 strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure- ly thine—Be working! be



CHORUS.



watching! be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Jesus who
 Go forth!



calls thee; The harvest waits for thee to-day; Go, bring some sheaves for God.
 go forth!



O Why Stand Ye Idle?

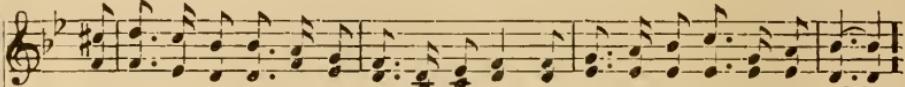
F. M. D.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" — Matt. xx : 6. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Andante.



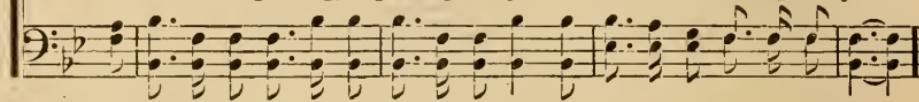
1. O idler, why loiter the bright hours away? The hours that will ne'er come again;
2. O why stand ye idle? some soul ye may save, That's drifting away from the right,
3. O why stand ye idle? thy brother's in need; No help or assistance is nigh,
4. O idle no longer the bright hours away, There's work in the vineyard to do.



The fields are all white of the harvest to-day, Ungather'd the sheaves on the plain.

O hasten ere it shall sink down to the grave, Be lost in e- ter - nity's night.
Oh, then to his suff'ring and cries now give heed, Lest he for thy carelessness die.

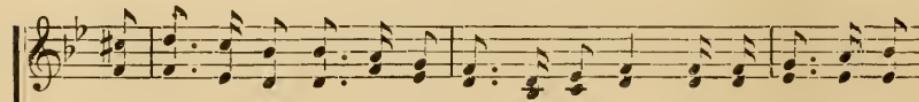
The harvest is passing, is passing away, The Master is calling for you.



CHORUS.



O why . . . stand ye i - dle? . . . O why stand ye i - dle to - day?
O why stand ye i - dle? O why stand ye i - dle?



O can you not see that the night's coming on, And the har - vest is



CODA. After last verse only.
Slowly.

dim.



. passing a - way? The harvest is passing a - way, Passing a - way.



The Quiet Hour.

41

Rev. GEO. P. BEARD.

Matt. vi: 6. Psalm civ: 34

B. FRANK BUTTS.

sweet and rich in blessings, And Spirit's gracious pow'r:— He speaks in
hear the Master gen - tly Speak peace un - to my soul; When heart is
he who sees in se - cret May give thee spir - it- pow'r; There find your

CHORUS.

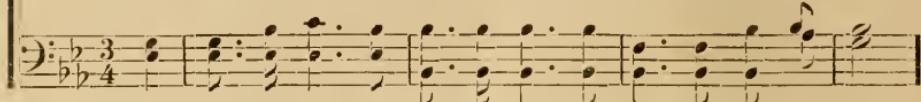
thine own pow'r; Oh, lead thy loving children To seek the quiet hour.

Mrs. CARROLL B. FISHER.

A. B. MORTON.



1. O Son of God, that lov-edst me, And gave thyself for me,
 2. Go, measure all the height, the depth, From heaven's highest throne,



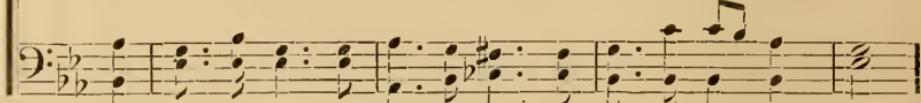
How in - fi - nite thy mighty love, Com - pas - sion - ate and free;
 To yon dear cross on Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus bled a - lone,



Oh, love beyond all measurement! Sur - pass-ing hu - man pen,
 He suffered for his en - e-mies Who nailed him to the tree,



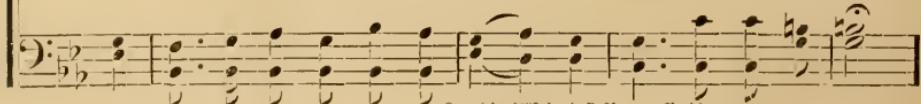
So ten - der and so pit - i - ful Thou art to sin - ful men.
 He waits to wash us in his blood, He lov - eth you and me.



REFRAIN.



Oh, love that led him all the way, The wea - ry way he came!



rit. ad lib.

Oh, love that led him to the cross, To bear our guilt and shame!

Come, Rest Awhile.

"Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile."—Mark vi: 31.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, rest awhile, and leave the world behind thee, Come where the
2. Come, rest awhile, and let the din of voic - es Pass with the
3. Come, rest awhile; a ho - ly ben - e - dic - tion Falls on the
4. Come, rest awhile, and thou shalt be the stronger When from thy

Lord delights to meet his own; Turn from the glare of all the day and leave thy spir - it free; Come where the Lord the qui - et heart that finds in him its rest; Sweet is the hour that brings a Lord some truth shall touch thy soul; Then, with new love, thy heart shall

scenes that blind thee, And with the Master spend this hour a - lone, soul re - joic - es, And words divine thy strength and stay shall be, sure con - vic - tion Of grace within and glo - ry with the blest, faint no long - er, But, pressing onward, thou shalt reach the goal.

The Happy Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

F. BURGETTE SHORT.

1. Oh, the joy that we may know when u- ni - ted here be- low We are
 2. Oh, the rap- ture of the soul, tho' the stormy billows roll, If in
 3. Oh, the tranquil peace and love that he giv - eth from a - bove, And the
 4. When our journey here is past, and the twilight comes at last, When the

marching to the palace of the King; With our faith serenely bright ev'ry
 Jesus we are sheltered from a - larms; We can shout aloud his praise, who di-
 comfort that his sacred presence brings; When he calls his own apart, and com-
 deeper shades of evening shall descend; What a morning will be ours, in those

burden will be light, And togeth - er of his mer - cy we shall sing.
 rect - ed all our ways, For beneath us are his ev - er - last - ing arms.
 munes with ev'ry heart, While we rest beneath the shadow of his wings.
 nev - er - fading bowers, When we join the nobler song that ne'er shall end.

CHORUS.

1st.

Sing the song, the hap - py song, That fills with

Sing the song,

the hap - py song,

3 3

2d.

joy the realms of glory; And praise and praise, his name forevermore
 that fills with joy

Will You Come to the Feast.

45

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Will you come to the feast? Will you sup with the Lord? He will welcome the least
2. Will you come and be fed By our Saviour and Lord? With our great King and head
3. Open wide is the door To the banqueting hall—Are you hungry and poor?

To his bountiful board; There's enough and to spare, and right royal the fare,
Will you sit at the board? He invites you to-day, dare you longer delay?

There is food for you all; Come and sup with the King, with our Prophet and Priest,

CHORUS.

Will you come, one and all, to the feast? Will you come, will you come, . . .

Is there one who will dare to say nay?

Come, oh, come, one and all, to the feast.

Will you come,

will you come,

Will you come to the feast? For the world there is room, Lo! the King will pre-

side, for each guest will provide, Will you come, will you come to the feast?

The Harbor Lights of Home.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O'er the trackless deep the sail - or sails for many a wea - ry day,
 2. O'er life's sea the Christian sail - or steers his bark with stead - y hand,
 3. So when fair skies bend above us, as we glide the bil - lows o'er,

Long - ing for the peace- ful ha - ven and the dear ones far a - way;
 Knowing that his chart and compass will di - rect him safe to land;
 Or when dark'ning shadows gath - er, and the tempests rage and roar,

But he keeps his heart with courage as his good ship parts the foam,
 And he finds a calm in tu - mult, and a brightness in the gloom,
 We will trust that to the ha - ven of our hopes we soon shall come,

For he knows that in the distance shine the har - bor lights of home.
 As his face beholds the shin - ing of the har - bor lights of home.
 Guid - ed by the stead - y gleaming of the har - bor lights of home.

CHORUS.

The home lights are shining! The home lights are shining! Bright - ly
 Brightly beaming

beaming ev- ermore; Tho' they sometimes gleam but faintly thro' the
brightly beaming, beaming evermore;

mist that veils the shore, Yet we know they are shining, shining ev- ermore.

More Like Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "Even Christ pleased not himself."—Rom. xv. 3. W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Steps are before me, dear Sav-iour. Marking the path thou hast trod;
2. Dai-ly thy work was appoint-ed, Wrought by no hand but thine own;
3. Burdens were laid on thy shoulders, Meekly thou suffered the cross;
4. Not for thyself, but for oth-ers, Living and dy-ing for love;

Fine.

So would my feet be progress-ing Upward and on-ward to God.
So in my field I would la-bor, Tho' it be small and un-known.
So would I take up my tri-als, Counting them gain and not loss.
So would I dai-ly be spend-ing, Till I shall meet thee a-bove.

D.S.—Born in thine image, and growing More and more like un-to thee.

CHORUS.

D.S.

More of thy likeness, dear Saviour, Less of my-self I would see;

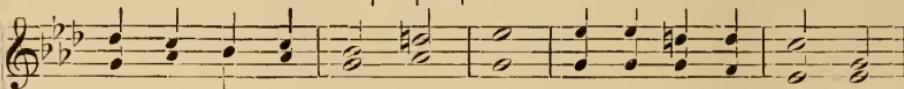
Welcome, Happy Morning!

V. H. C. FORTUNATUS. Tr. J. ELLERTON.

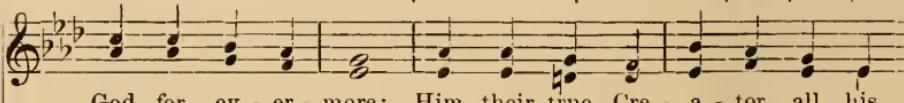
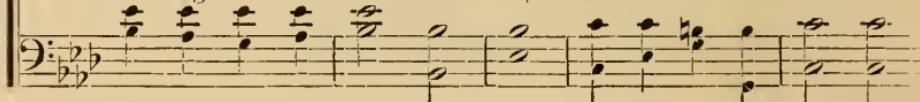
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



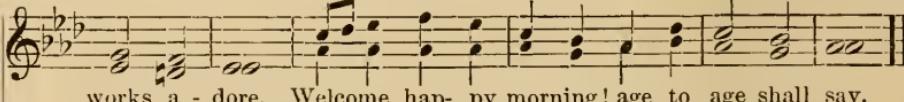
1. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is
2. Earth her joy confess-es, clothing her for spring, All good gifts re-
3. Months in due succession, days of length'ning light, Hours and passing
4. Mak-er and Redeem-er, life and health of all, Thou from heav'n be-



vanquished, heav'n is won to - day. Lo ! the Dead is liv - ing,
turned with her re - turn - ing King; Bloom in ev - 'ry mead - o w,
moments praise thee in their flight; Brightness of the morning,
hold - ing hu - man na - ture's fall, Of the Father's Godhead



God for ev - er - more; Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all his
leaves on ev - 'ry bough, Speak his sor - row end - ed, hail his
sky and fields and sea, Van - quish - er of darkness, bring their
true and on - ly Sou, Man - hood to de - liv - er, manhood



works a - dore. Welcome, hap- py morning! age to age shall say.
triumph now. Hell to - day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day.
praise to thee. Welcome, hap- py, morning! age to age shall say.
didst put on. Hell to - day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day.



- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word;
'Tis thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Rev. GEO. P. BEARD.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, the home of the blest, Beau-ti-ful mausions where
2. Beau-ti-ful angels around the white throne, Beau-ti-ful children for -
3. Beau-ti-ful service of worship in song, Beau-ti-ful fam - i - ly -
4. Beau-ti-ful greeting when friend meeteth friend, Beau-ti-ful meeting that

wea-ry shall rest, Beau-ti-ful riv - er of life, nev - er old,
ev - er our own, Beau-ti-ful saint - ed, en - robed in pure white,
perfect - ly one, Beau-ti-ful bar - mo - ny - liv - ing in love,
nev - er shall end, Beau-ti-ful day, with no shadow of night,

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful streets of the pur - est of gold. Oh, it is beauti- full!
Beau - ti - ful Saviour, re - fulgent with light.
Beau - ti - ful scenes that a - wait us a - bove.
Beau - ti - ful vis - ion, e - ter - nal - ly bright.

“eye hath not seen,” Neither hath ear heard the heavenly theme; Oh, it is
beauti- full all I have seen, Thrilling my soul with the heavenly theme.

Be a Good Samaritan.

" Go, and do thou likewise." —Luke x: 37.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. Christ speaks of one, a helpless one, Who by the way - side lay,
2. A Le - vite, filled with selfish pride, Had coldly passed him by,
3. And one had passed in priestly robes, Whose lips oft moved with pray'r,
4. In love the good Sa - mar - i - tan The suff'r'er's wants re - lieved,



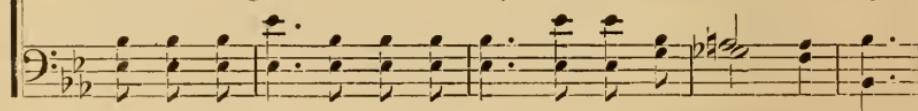
Un - til a good Sa - mar - i - tan In mer - cy came that way.
 His cry for help he heed-ed not, But left him there to die.
 But pray'r his frozen heart ne'er warm'd, Self seem'd his on - ly care.
 And from our Lord, for kindness shown, A rich re - ward re - ceived.



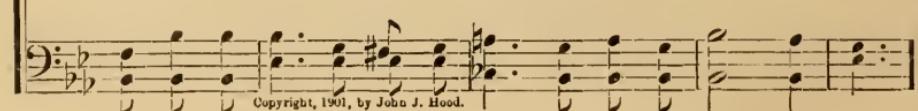
REFRAIN.



Oh, be a good Sa - mar - i - tan, The world needs thee to - day,



For thousands, crush'd by Satan's hand, Are dy - ing by the way.



The Haven of Rest.

51

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
 faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
 save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

Fine.

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. This life will soon be ended, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for-
 2. There all the walls are jasper, There all the streets are gold, But of that city's
 3. Dear sinner, start for glory, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow before the

ev - er Beyond this vale of tears; My Saviour has gone over, A mansion
 beauty The half has not been told; For you and me, my brother, Christ once the
 Saviour, He'll save your soul to-night; He'll write your name in heaven, In answer

Fine. CHORUS.

to prepare, So when we cross the river, Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you
 cross did bear, That we might see its glory. Oh, won't you meet me there?
 to your pray'r, There friends for you are waiting, Oh, won't you meet me there?

D. S.—There's room enough in heaven, Oh, won't you meet me there?

meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there, In that e- ter- nal Cit- y Where
 meet me there? meet me there

all is bright and fair? I'm going home to glory, A crown of life to wear,

Tell His Goodness O'er and O'er. 53

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come, O come with anthems of rejoicing, Come with happy songs of love.
 2. Thanks we give for all his kindly leading, Our glad Eb - e - nezers raise;
 3. Come, dear friends, and help to swell the chorus, Precious hopes and mem'ries blend,

D.C.—Praise him! praise him! come with happy singing, Tell his goodness o'er and o'er;

Fine.

Singing, singing of the wondrous favor Show'red upon us from a- bove.
 Wav'ring footsteps guided surely onward, Sing, O sing our Father's praise.
 Looking onward to the days before us, Still our thankful songs ascend.
 Joy- ful anthems thro' his temple ringing, Bless his name for - ev - er- more.

Daily, daily, like the morning sunbeams, Tender mercies smile upon our way,
 O, with hearts of gratitude review them—Count the golden moments of the past;
 Brightly is the bow of promise gleaming O'er the clouds that linger in the sky;

D.C. Chorus.
 Gently, gently, like the evening dewdrops, Sweet refreshings cheer us when we pray.
 E'en the seeds of pain and sorrow blossomed Into joys that evermore shall last.
 Brightly now the rays of glory streaming, Light our journey to the home on high.

J. H. E.

FULL CHORUS.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

"Take the world for Jesus," sound the great battle-cry, Let the mighty chorus
mighty

ring; "Take the world for Jesus," raise the bright standard high, As we shout, as we
chorus ring:

Fine. 1st time female voices, 2d all voices in unison.

march, as we sing. { Let the gos- pel sto - ry roll around the world, Ev'ry-
Let all the nations now in him rejoice, Who hath

where let joy pre- vail,
by his precious blood

Since the sac - ri- fice of Christ our Saviour
Re - deemed us, and prepared a mansion

For the sins of the world doth a- vail;

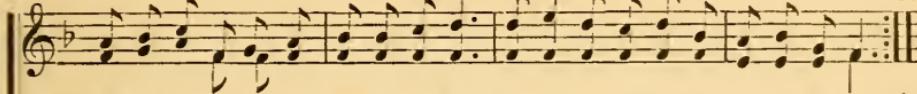
In the (*Omit.*) bright glo- ry-land a - bove.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Smoothly.*

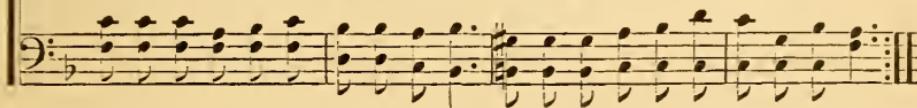
{ Out on the mountains of sin and despair, Millions are perishing, needing our care;
 { Tell them of Jesns whorose from the grave, Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to Save;



D. C.



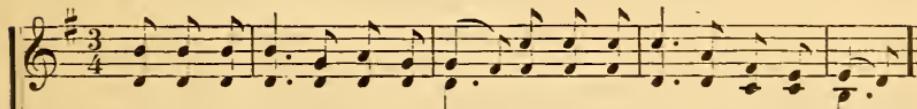
Shall we not send them the message to-day? Shall we not help without further delay?
 Plenteous salvation in him doth abonnd, Cleansing and healing in Jesus are found.



He Leadeth Me.

C. H. W.

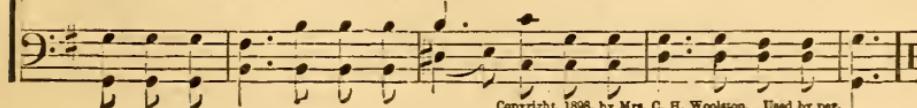
Mrs. C. H. WOOLSTON.



1. He leadeth me! O words di- vine, What comfort thrills this heart of mine;
2. He leadeth me! my Shepherd, Guide, Secure- ly thro' the pastures wide;
3. He leadeth me! in sorrows he My Keeper is, where'er I be;
4. He leadeth me! his goodness tell, His mercy with his child doth dwell;



O blessed light in darkness shine, He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
 A- biding close- ly by my side, He leadeth me! yea, leadeth me!
 In shady nook or stormy sea, He leadeth me! yea, e - ven me!
 Oh, let the theme his praises swell, He leadeth me! he leadeth me!



Come Just as You Are.

LOTIA B. WHITE.

A. B. MORTON.

1. Come, sinner, come to Je - sus to-night, Out of your dark - ness,
 2. Come, sinner, come to Je - sus for rest, Trust him and be e -
 3. Come, sinner, come to Je - sus your friend, Knowing each need, he'll
 4. Come, sinner, come to Je - sus, believe; How can you lon - ger his

in - to his light; Turn from the wrong way in - to the right,
 ter - nal - ly blest; Tempted and tried, and sore - ly oppressed,
 help and de - fend; Nev - er in vain on him you de - pend,
 loy - ing heart grieve; Come now, while Je - sus waits to re - ceive,

CHORUS.

Come, sin - ner, just as you are. Come, (sinner,) come, no

lon - ger delay, Come, (sinner,) come, time's passing a - way; Come, sinner,

come to Jesus, "the Way," Come, sinner, just as you are.

Come, sin - ner, just as you are.

Step Into the Waters of Love.

57

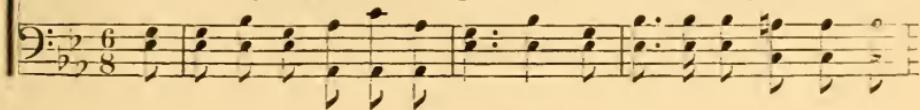
HARRIET E. JONES.

St. John v: 4.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. The fountain of healing is o - pen, The waters are troubled to -
 2. There's nothing unholy can en - ter The beauti - ful kingdom of
 3. Oh, come with your sins and transgressions, This moment step in - to the

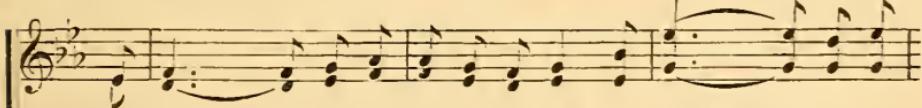


night; to-night; And all who shall plunge 'neath the billows May rise in the
 light; of light; The garments of all must be spotless, Who sit with our
 pool, the pool, To rise from its depths with re - joicing, With not a dark

CHORUS.



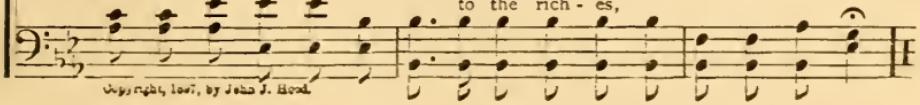
raiment of white. Then come to this fountain of healing,
 King on the right. blot on your soul. to this fountain,



Step in - - - to the waters of love; Be clothed . . . in the
 in - to the wa - ters, in the garment,



garment of beauty, Be heir to the rich - es a - bove.



58 Journey in the King's Highway.

HARriet E. JONES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Would you go re-joicing on In the light of God's dear Son? Come and
 2. Would you tread among the flow'rs, Would you rest in sylvan bow'rs? Come and
 3. Would you gain a home on high In the gold-en by and by? Come and

journey in the King's highway; Would you ev'ry moment prove All the
 journey in the King's highway; Would you drink from living rills Flowing
 journey in the King's highway; Would you live with God's dear Son While e-

sweetness of his love? Come and journey in the King's highway.
 from the E-den hills? Come and journey in the King's highway.
 ter-nal years roll on? Come and journey in the King's highway.

CHORUS.

Come and jour - - ney, come and jour - ney, Come and
 Come and jour-ney, come and jour - ney in the King's high-way, Come and

jour - - ney, come and jour - ney; Come this moment and be glad,
 journey, come and journey in the King's highway;



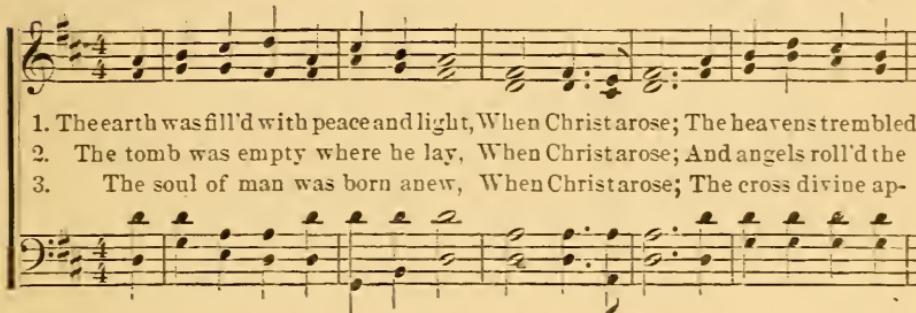
Come, in shining robes be clad, And go singing in the King's highway.



When Christ Arose.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

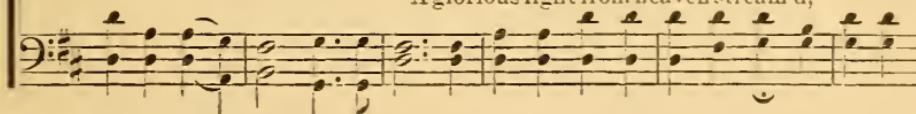


1. The earth was fill'd with peace and light, When Christ arose; The heavens trembled
2. The tomb was empty where he lay, When Christ arose; And angels roll'd the
3. The soul of man was born anew, When Christ arose; The cross divine ap-



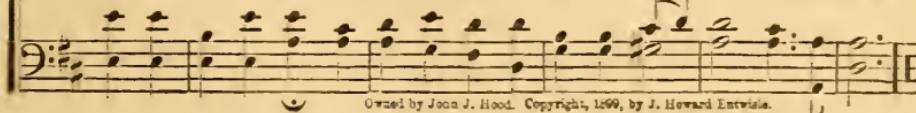
at the sight, When Christ arose; The sea rejoiced along the sands. The vernal
stone away, When Christ arose; A sound of triumph thrill'd the air, The glorious
pear'd in view, When Christ arose; And from the

A glorious light from heaven stream'd,



valleys clapp'd their hands, The mountain sang, and all the lands, When Christ arose.

tidings to declare, And there was gladness ev'rywhere, When Christ arose.
cross a radiance beam'd, For ev- 'ry spir- it was redeemed, When Christ arose.



I Am Redeemed.

JAMES R. BAIRD.

1 Peter i: 18, 19; ii: 24.

A. B. MORTON.

1. All we like sheep have gone astray, We've turned each one to his own way;
2. 'Twas on the cross his life he gave, 'Twas there he died my soul to save,
3. In his own bod - y on the tree He bore my sins, he set me free,
4. Redeemed from all in - iq - ui - ty, For this he gave himself for me.

The Lord my sins on Je-sus laid, I am redeemed, the price is paid.
Who his own self our sins did bear That we might all his glo-ry share.
'Tis by his stripes that I am healed, He by his blood my pardon sealed.
He now my soul doth pu-ri-fy, And fit me for my home on high.

CHORUS,

'Tis not with silver, nor with gold, but by the
'Tis not with silver, not with silver, nor with gold,

pre - - cious blood of Christ, As of a lamb without
But by the precious blood, the precious blood of Christ, As of a lamb without

blemish, and without spot I am re - deemed.

Rejoice in the Light.

61

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. Tho' clouds like night hang o - ver your way, Rejoice in the
2. Tho' mists of doubt your pathway shall shroud, Rejoice in the
3. Tho' foes shall frown and trouble you sore, Rejoice in the

light, rejoice in the light; You yet may walk in a perfect day,
light, rejoice in the light; That light can pierce thro' the deepest cloud,
light, rejoice in the light; Those ills will then nev- er vex you more,

REFRAIN.

Rejoice in the light, in the light. Je-sus is the light, the

on - ly light, Jesus is the light of the world; Jesus scatters

gloom, he chas - es the night, Je-sus is the light of the world.

Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

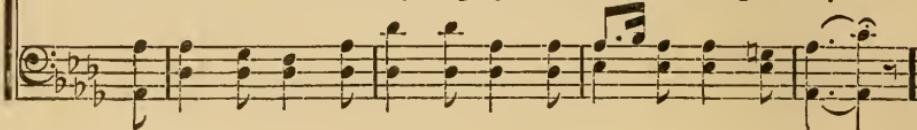


1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;



See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.

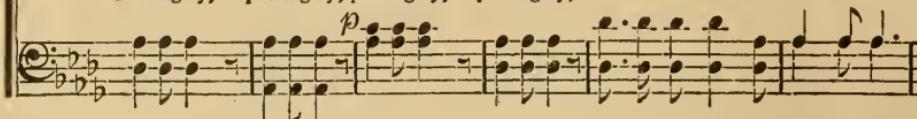
The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.



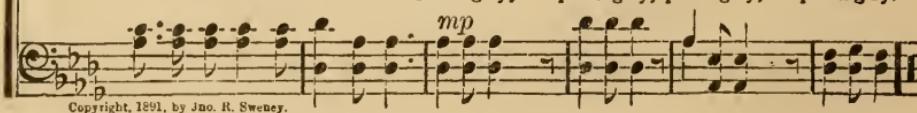
CHORUS.



Pass - ing by, . . . pass - ing by, . . . Hasten to meet him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,



Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass - ing by, . . . pass - ing by.
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.



He Careth for Me.

63

"Cast all your care upon him; for he careth for you." — 1 Peter 5: 7.

REV. W. C. POOLE.

ANNA G. LAMBERT.



1. It comes to me ev - er in sor - row and woe, At rest, or wher-
2. It comes to me ev - er when Sa - tan is near, And from his dark
3. It comes to me e - ven in night's lonely hour, And when I am
4. Let this be my pleading before the white throne, When I for the



ev - er I be, My Saviour's sweet promise, it comforts me so, He
pow'r sets me free; Behind this blest refuge no harm need I fear, He
on bended knee, This blessed assurance, it gives me great pow'r, He
Judgment shall be; No mer - it have I, but Je-sus, thy Son—He



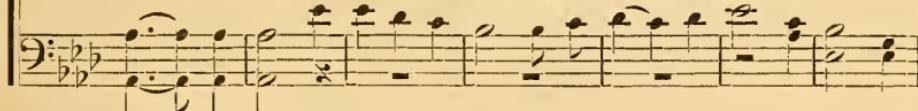
CHORUS.



careth for e - ven like me. He car - eth for me, let the



bil - lows roll, Let wild tempests rage, safe will be my soul. Supreme with-



in this tho't shall be, Whatev - er be - tide, he careth for me.



IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Oh, re - mem - ber, Je - sus loves you, and he knows each day Ev - 'ry
 2. When you're active in his service, and you do your best, You may
 3. Oh, re - mem - ber, Je - sus loves you, as the days go by, Tho' your

act that you are do - ing, ev - 'ry word you say; Not the smallest, faintest
 tell your ev - 'ry tri - al on his gen - tle breast, He will know and under -
 earthly friends forsake you, and no help seems nigh, For beyond the clouds and

whisper but the Lord will hear, And will find its way to heaven to his
 stand them, and will cheer your heart, For there's no one but the Saviour can such
 shadows is his smiling face, He is near you to uphold you by his

CHORUS.

list'ning ear. Oh, remember, then remember, That no matter what you
 peace impart.
 saviug grace.

do,— Jesus loves you, always loves you, And will be a Friend to you.

Jesus is Ready, Are You?

65

E. E. HEWITT.

Isaiah xxxviii: 20.

BENJ. FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. Je - sus is ready, is read - y to save; 'Twas for poor sinners, His
2. Je - sus is ready to pardon your sin, Wondrously heal you, and
3. Je - sus is ready to help you to - day, Turning your feet to the
4. Je - sus is ready the burden to lift, Waiting to bless you with

life-blood he gave; Hark, his sweet voice is now calling a - new!
cleanse you within; Can you not trust him? He's faithful and true,
heavenward way; Goodness and mercy your steps shall pursue;
ev - 'ry good gift; Coming to Calv'ry, oh, will you not say,

CHORUS.

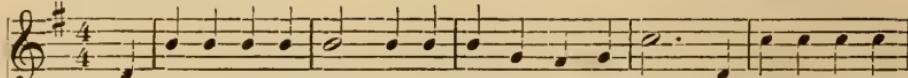
What is your answer? He's ready. Are you? Je - sus is ready, are
Full of compassion; He's ready. Are you?
A - ble to keep you; He's ready. Are you?
"Je - sus, I'm ready, oh, save me to - day"?

you, are you? He's a - ble and willing, 'tis true, 'tis true; His life-blood he

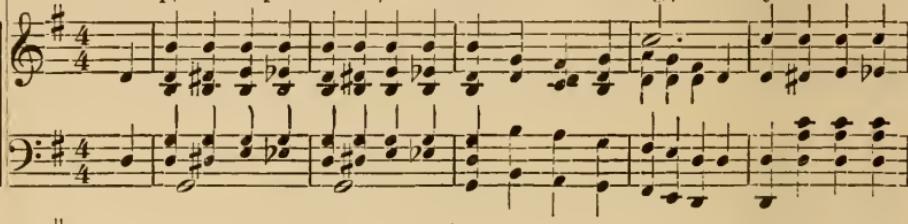
gave to be "mighty to save," Je - sus is ready, are you? (are you?)

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

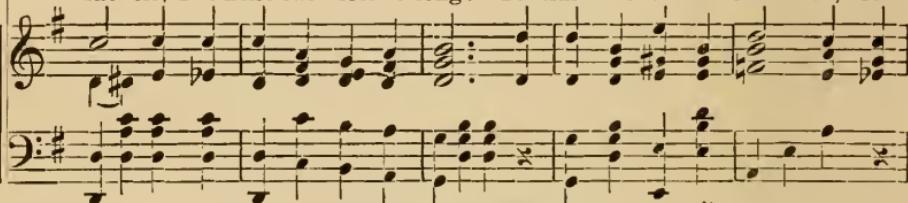
ADAM GEIBEL.



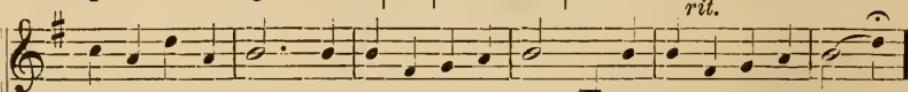
1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
conflict, In this his glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel arm - or, Each
bat - tle, The next the victor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A



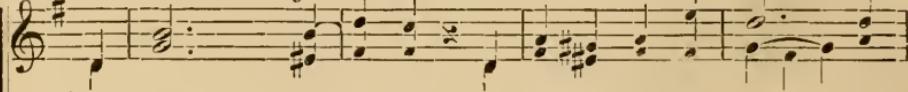
rit.



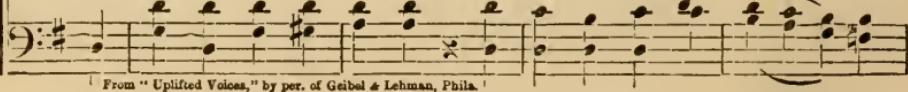
army shall he lead, Till ev'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
against unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glory Shall reign eternal- ly.



rit.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,





high his royal ban-ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.



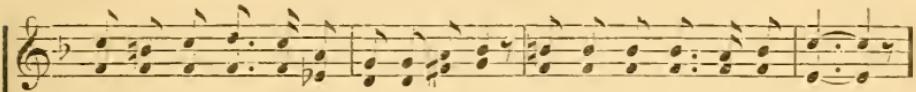
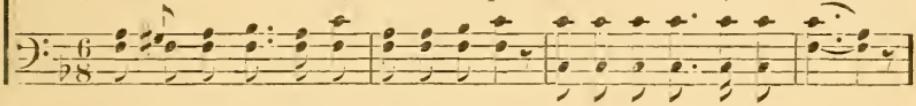
No Other Message Will Do.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

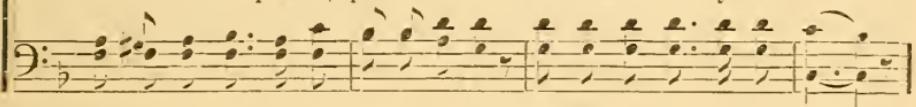
A. B. MORTON.



1. "Christ, and him crucified," preach we to-day, No other message will do.
2. "Christ, and him crucified," make this the cry, No other message will do,
3. "Christ, and him crucified," marvelous plan, No other message will do.



"Christ, and him crucified," God's only way, Tell the "old story" so true.
 Souls now are perishing, hopeless they die, Tell the "old story" so true.
 God in his Son, speaking pardon to men, Tell the "old story" so true.



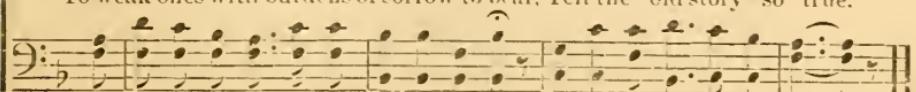
CHORUS.



No oth - er message will do. No oth - er message will do.



To weak ones with burdens of sorrow to bear, Tell the "old story" so true.

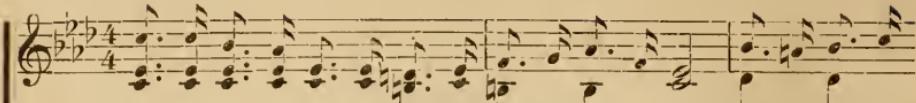


Lift the Glorious Banner.

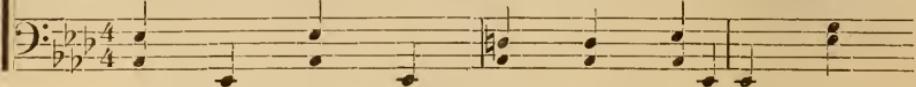
W. B. J.

In unison.

W. B. JUDEFIND.



1. Lift the glorious banner of our Saviour, Lord and King, Crown him with your
2. Lift the glorious banner, o'er the world now let it wave, Telling of the
3. Lift the glorious banner, O ye faithful, saved and free, Onward march to-



praises, let the happy children sing Till the vales and mountains with ho-
Saviour who from sin and death will save, Sending out its gladness and the
gether on to glorious vic-to-ry ; Never, never fal-ter, but to



sannas sweetly ring, And Je-sus reigns su-preme.
hope that many crave, Now lift this ensign high.
Je-sus loy-al be, And soon he'll reign su-preme.



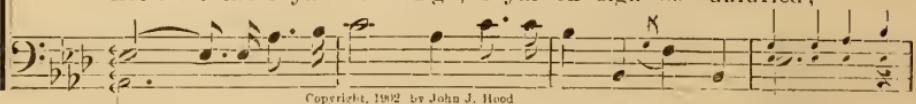
CHORUS.

Male Voices. *In unison.*

Lift . . . the glorious ban-ner, lift the ban-ner, lift the ban-ner.



Let . . . the royal en-sign, royal en-sign be unfurled;



All Voices. *In harmony.*

Lift . . . the glorious ban - ner, lift the ban - ner, lift the ban - ner,
Lift it high, ban - ner fair, ban - ner fair, ban - ner fair, .

Let . . . the roy - al en - sign grandly wave o'er all the world.
Lift it high in the air, wave o'er all the world.

Abide with Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

TUNE, EVENTIDE. 10s.

1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

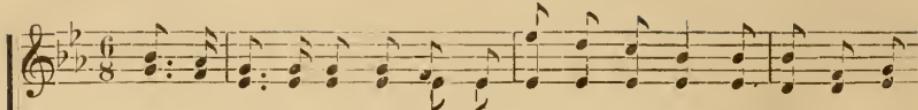
4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Infinite Love.

ANNIE WITTERMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. There's a love that is sweeter than earth's sweetest thing, A love that is
2. There is peace in this love, peace e - ternal and calm, That soothes all our
3. There is pow'r in this love, pow'r to quicken the dead, A pow'r that trans



free from alloy ; Not the jewels and wealth that the whole world could bring
sor - row and woe ; There is health in its tonch, like sweet Gilead's balm,
fig- ures the soul ; That gives joy for the ash- es of sorrow and dread,



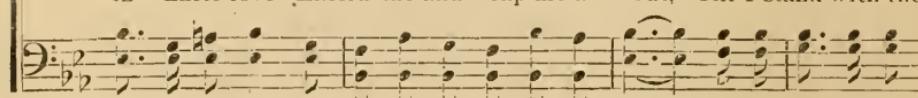
CHORUS.



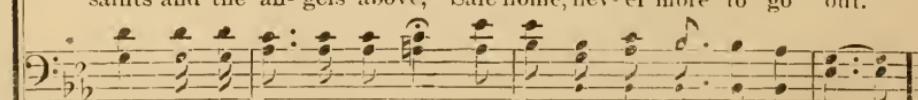
Could purchase such rapturous joy. Let the web and the woof of this
That all who will test it may know.
And life while the long a - ges roll.



in - finite love Enfold me and wrap me a - bout, Till I stand with the



saints and the an - gels above, Safe home, nev - er more to go out.



The Only Refuge.

71

"Neither is there salvation in any other." —Acts iv: 12.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I've no ref-uge, Lord, beside thee, And life's storms are fierce and wild;
2. Of this ref-uge I'm un-worthy, I have strayed so far a-way.
3. Thro' the storm I've hastened to thee, Dark and drear the way has been;
4. O thou ref-uge for the guilt-y, Thou my on-ly hid-ing place;



In thy great pa-vil-ion hide me, Hide, oh, hide thy helpless child.
But I come thro' thy great mercy, Take me in, O Lord, I pray.
Thou the sin-ner's Rock of safe-ty, In thy mer-cy take me in.
Here I'll ev-er dwell se-cure-ly, In thy ten-der, warm embrace.



REFRAIN.



Hide me, Je-sus, safe-ly hide me From the tem-pest fierce and wild;



Thou the on-ly Rock of safe-ty, Hide thy wea-ry, helpless child.



Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
 2. There are human shipwrecks lying all around, Oh, what moral darkness
 3. Do not let the bushel cov- er up your light, Keep your lamp in order,
 4. Try to live for Je- sus till this life is o'er, For along this pathway

darkness, sin, and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime :
 ev- 'rywhere is found ; Warn some other vessels off from dang'rous ground :
 trimm'd and burning bright, Try to be a blessing, brighten up the night :
 you will pass no more, Till he bids you welcome on the oth- er shore.

CHORUS.

Let the gos - pel light shine out. Let the gos- pel light shine

out, (shine out,) Let the gospel light shine out, (shine out,) Keep your lamp in

order, trimm'd and burning bright,—Let the gospel light shine out.

Walking In the Sunlight.

73

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Are you walking in the sunlight of the Lord to-day? Walking in the
 2. Are you walking in the sunlight of the Saviour's smile? Walking in the
 3. Are you walking in the sunlight beaming from God's word? Walking in the

sunlight, ev - er in the light? Is your life reflect- ing Je- sus all your
 sunlight, ev - er in the light? Does it keep your life from evil and your
 sunlight, ev - er in the light? Thro' it you can see the blessedness of

CHORUS.

pilgrim way, Walking in the sunlight clear and bright? Sun - light, beautiful
 heart from guile, Walking in the sunlight clear and bright?

Christ our Lord, Walking in the sunlight clear and bright? Light, beautiful light,

sun - light, Shining from the Father's radiant home above; Sun - light.
 Light, beautiful light,

Light, beautiful light,

beautiful sun - - light, Are you feasting in the sunlight of his love?

Light, beautiful light,

MAGGIE METCALF.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

Eph. v. 16.

W.M. J. KIRKPATEICK.



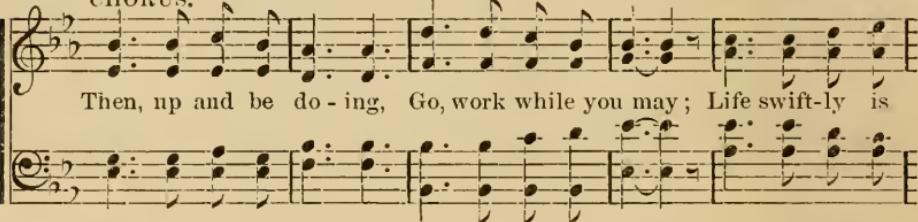
1. How should we spend our time? In fol - ly and in sin? Nay,
 2. How should we spend our time? In heap-ing word-ly gains? Oh,
 3. How should we spend our time? To gain th'-applause of man? No,
 4. Then let us trea- sure time, And live in do - ing good, Re-



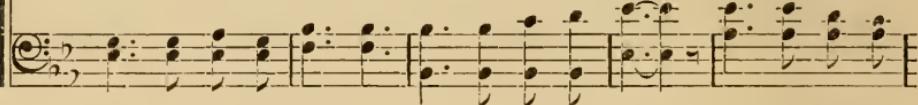
rath - er let us seek while here Some souls for Christ to win.
 no, we'll lay our trea- sure up In heaven, where Je-sus reigns.
 no, we'll work, and al - ways seek To please the Great I AM.
 memb'ring that to God we owe Our last - ing grat - i - tude.



CHORUS.



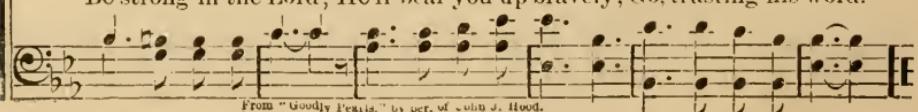
Then, up and be do - ing, Go, work while you may; Life swift-ly is



fleet - ing; Why long - er de - lay? Press onward to bat - tle;



Be strong in the Lord; He'll bear you up bravely; Go, trusting his word.



Jesus is Come.

75

IDY SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Wake, list'ning skies, and tell the wondrous story, Shout, mighty hills, and
2. Chime, bells of joy, your tuneful echoes blending, While on the air har-
3. Chant, hosts above, your harps celestial sounding, Tell out the news ye

praise Messiah's name; Roll, o cean waves, and greet the King of glo- ry,
monious sounds arise; Blow, breezes, blow, the theme of gladness sending,
choirs around the throne; Sing, sons of earth, your hearts with praises bounding,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is come! let earth her joy proclaim. Je - sus is come!
Wave, ce- dars tall, and tell it to the skies.
Je - sus is come! oh, make his glo - ries known!

glad- ly I'll receive him; Je - sus is come! glad - ly I'll believe him;

Message of peace, driving care away, Je - sus is come to my soul to-day!

Sweet the Moments.

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in blessing, Which be - fore the cross I
 2. Tru - ly bless - ed is this station, Low be - fore his cross to
 3. Here it is . I find my heaven. While up - on the cross I
 4. Love and grief my heart divid - ing, with my tears his feet I

spend,— Life and health, and peace possess - ing, From the
 lie,— While I see divine compas - sion Floating
 gaze; Love I much ? I'm much forgiv - en,— I'm a
 bathe; Constant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de -

CHORUS.

sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. Here I'll sit for-ev - er
 in - his languid eye. .
 mir - a - cle of grace.
 riv - ing from his death.

view - ing Mer - ey stream in streams of blood; Precious

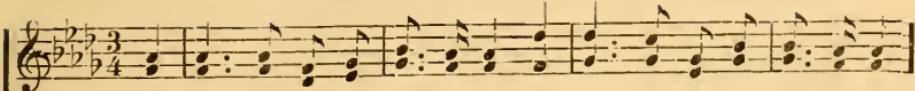
drops, my soul bedew - ing. Plead and claim my peace with God.

Ashamed of Jesus!

77

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

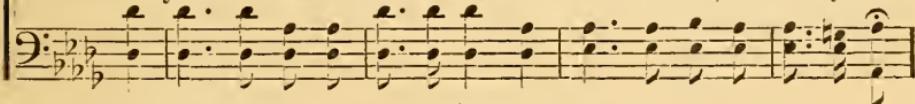


1. Amazing thought! Lord, can it be I sometimes am ashamed of thee?
2. Let not the morning's sun arise When I thy mercy shall despise,
3. Dear Lord, forbid the day to me When I shall be ashamed of thee;

rit.



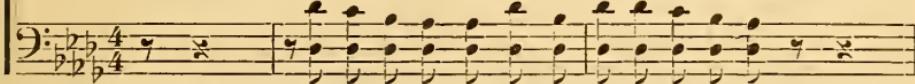
Sometimes forget that thou didst die For will - ful sinners, such as I?
 Or cease to call thee Father mine, The patient, loving the divine.
 The day when I shall blush with shame To call thee mine, or own thy name.



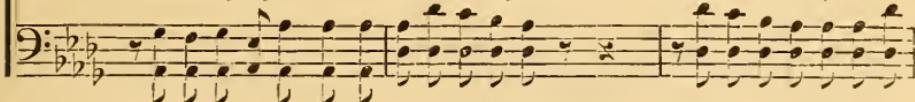
CHORUS.



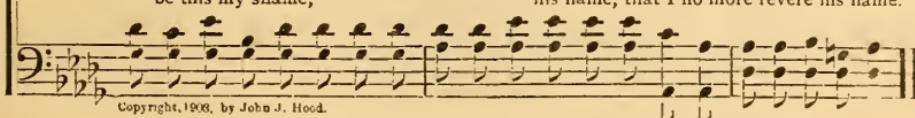
"Ashamed of Je - - - sus, that dear friend . . . On whom my
 "Ashamed of Je - sus, of that dear friend



hopes . . . of heav'n de- pend? . . . No! when I blush, . . . be this my
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend? No! when I blush,



shame, . . . That I no more revere his name." . . .
 be this my shame, his name, that I no more revere his name."



Joyfully, Joyfully.

MTS. SHARPLESS. "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God."—Rom. v. 2. W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, onward we go; We see not our path, but our
 2. Though trials as-sail us, and dangers affright, And nearer, still nearer, comes
 3. Then onward, still onward, thro' life's varied track, In hope we press on, nor look

Lead-er we know; And where'er he may guide us, thro' shadow or sun.
 death's aw-ful night; Yet what shall dis-may us, when close at our side,
 mournful-ly back; With our Saviour be-side us to point out our way,

CHORUS.

Ev-er joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly fol-low we on. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly,
 Stands he who can help us, our Saviour and Guide.
 We'll joy-ful-ly speed us thro' life's little day.

forward we go, Joy-ful-ly leav-ing all sor-row be-low; Onward and

upward, tho' Sa-tan as-sail; Joy-ful-ly onward, thro' Christ we'll prevail.

A Little While to Wait.

79

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.

1. A lit- tle while to wait and watch and wonder, And then to know the
 2. A lit- tle while to climb life's stormy mountain, And then to see the
 3. A lit- tle while to say, "not mine, but thy way," And then to won - der

spirit's glad release; A little while to bear the strife and thunder, And then to
 vale with beauty rise; A little waiting by the barren fountain. And then to
 we were not more wise; A little stumbling in the dusty highway. And then the

CHORUS.

hear the harmonies of peace. A lit- tle while, a lit- tle
 taste the living streams of life. A little while,
 meadow-lands of Par- a - dise. A little while,

while, . . . A little while, and we shall go, To be at
 a little while, A little while, and we shall go, and we shall go,

home with Christ in heav'n forever, With all the saints eternal joys to know.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Come, Holy Spir-it, thee I am needing, That I be filled with the
 2. Come, Holy Spir-it, dwell in me sweetly, Come to my heart all the
 3. Come, Holy Spir-it, fill to o'erflowing, Give me an anthem down

life - giving bread; Spir-it of blessing, come while I'm pleading,
 dross to consume; Come just this moment, fill me complete- ly,
 deep in my heart; If thou shalt ev- er in me be glowing

D.S.—Promise of Je-sus, Comfort-er precious,

Fine. CHORUS.

Come, that my poor hungry soul may be fed. Coming, be- lieving,
 All my whole be- ing con- trol and illume.
 I may to oth-ers rich blessings impart.

Thou art most welcome, O Spir-it of love.

D.S.

sweetly re- ceiving, Welcome, most welcome, O Spir-it of love;

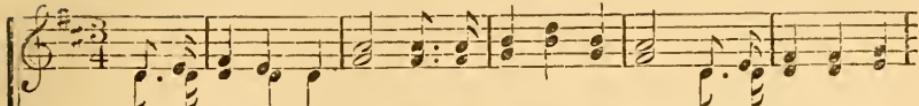
I am Sheltered in Thee.

81

"My strong rock for a house of defence."—Ps. xxxi: 2.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

F M. D.



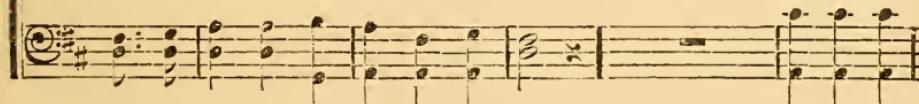
storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is toss'd on the billows' mad foam,
 tempter I'm free; Tho' my pathway be dark and the storms sweep the sky,
 ter - ror to me; I can walk without fear thro' the shadow - y vale,



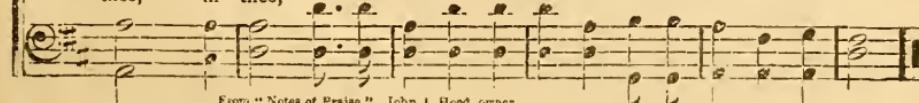
CHORUS.



Yet I'm sheltered for - ev - er in thee. Sheltered in thee,
 Yet se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee. .
 For se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee. Sheltered in



Sheltered in thee, O thou blest Rock of A- ges, I am sheltered in thee,
 thee, in thee,



Not Saved.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

Rom. x: 9, 10.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.

1. Sad is the sound as it falls on the ear, Not saved, not saved, not saved;
2. Soul, thou art mad if thou risk one more day, Not saved, not saved, not saved;
3. Many poor souls have slipped over the brink, Not saved, not saved, not saved;
4. "Near to the line" is on dangerous ground, Not saved, not saved, not saved;

REFRAIN.

Just be - lieve in thine heart, And con - fess with thy mouth The

Christ who on Cal - va - ry died; . . . Thou shalt sing then the song

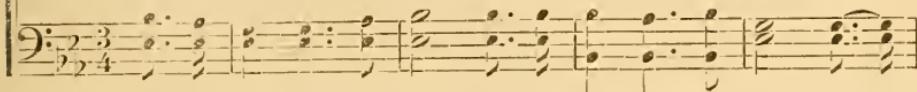
With this gladsome re- frain: "I'm saved by the One cru - ci - fied."

CHARLOTTE BLANCHARD.

A. B. MORTON.



1. I'm re - joic - ing to - day Ev - 'ry step of the way; In a
 2. I'm re - joic - ing to - day, Tho' I faint by the way, I shall
 3. I have par - don and rest Since my Lord I confessed, And



Saviour who saved me from sin, For the blood has been shed, To the
 nev - er, no, nev - er be lost, I am kept by his pow'r, Ev - 'ry
 peace, perfect peace now is mine, I now walk not by sight, But by



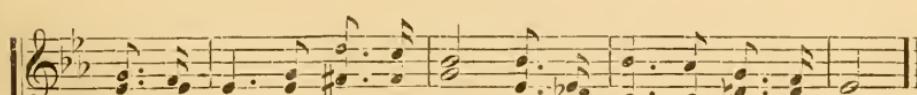
cross I was led, And my sins blot - ted out from with - in.
 day, ev - 'ry hour, I am his, bought at in - fi - nite cost.
 faith, in his might, Saved and kept by the pow - er di - vine.



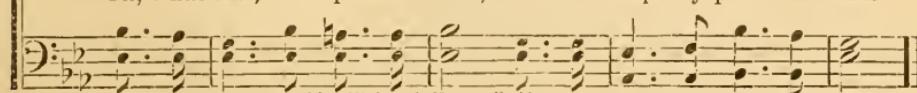
CHORUS.



Saved by trust - ing in his might, Kept by walk - ing in his sight;



Oh, what rest, what peace is mine, Saved and kept by pow'r di - vine.

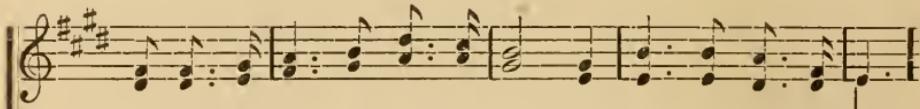


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. No scenes of mirth up - on the earth Such pleasures can impart,
2. Tho' sorrows roll up - on the soul, And tears un - bidden start,-
3. Tho' we may find the world unkind,—Its words may sting and smart,—
4. So we will sing of Christ our King Till soul and bod - y part,



As those which come to ev - 'ry one When Christ is in the heart.
 Yet still we find sweet peace of mind When Christ is in the heart.
 Yet all the year the skies are clear When Christ is in the heart.
 Then we'll go home no more to roam, If Christ is in the heart.



CHORUS.



O roy - al Guest, fill ev - 'ry breast, And nev - er more de - part,



For this we know, 'tis heav'n below, When Christ is in the heart.



We'll All Meet at Home.

85

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

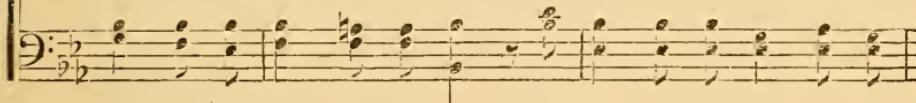
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. How ma - ny sad partings we have on earth's shore, Yet there is a
2. There death cannot en - ter to spread his alarms, Our dear ones of
3. Why should these brief partings bring tears to our eyes? We'll soon be u-
4. There Christ is prepar - ing a mansion so fair, And soon he will



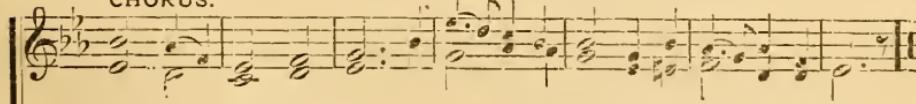
conn- try where friends part no more; There from those who love us no earth are not torn from our arms; No more the pale boatman will ni - ted to dwell in the skies; With joy we will gath - er a - call us to dwell with him there; With joy we will go when we



more will we roam, No more sad farewells when we all meet at home, sail o'er the foam To bear us a - way, when we all meet at home, bove yon - der dome, And make heaven ring when we all meet at home, hear him say "come," To dwell ev - ermore in that beau - ti - ful home.



CHORUS.



Home, home sweet, sweet home, In mansions of glo- ry we'll all meet at home.



B. B.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that he gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,
 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-filling, As I'm walking in his sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.

The cup that I drink not more bitter Than he drank in Gethsema - ne.

The toil of my work growtheth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.

My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not greater than his grace,

The storm cannot

hide his bless - ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know

That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

Anchor your Bark.

87

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth - er, For sev - ered the
 2. Concealed by the gath- er - ing dark - ness Are breakers of
 3. So anch - or your bark to the Christ-rock, And ask the dear

faith-strands may be, Take heed lest you slip from your moorings, And
 sin, just at hand; O soul, there is many a dan - ger To
 Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the

CHORUS.

storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea. Drift - - ing a - way,
 keep you from gaining the land. Drifting a - way, drifting a - way,
 shores of e - ter - ni - ty.

drift - - ing a - way, Far from the home of the blest;
 drifting a - way, drifting a - way,

Then anchor your soul on the Christ-rock, For under its shadow is rest.

I Know not Why.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. B. MORTON.

1. I know not why the storms arise, To overspread life's sunny skies,
2. I know not why the mists appear, Till radiant hills are dark and drear;
3. I know not why ill schemes prevail, Why love's sweet plans oft seem to fail;
4. I know not why, but in that land Where all is light we'll understand;

ritard.

Why all too soon the flow'rs of May Should lose their bloom and fade away.
 The ernel thorns spring up and grow, While pleasant plants the winds lay low.
 Why songs are hushed, and tear-drops falls, But this I know, he ruleth all.

Un- til that day I'll humbly sing, All's well with me, the Lord is King.

CHORUS.

I know not why, but Jesus knows, His hand restores the withered rose,

ritard e dim.

And turns my loss to endless gain, Hereaf- ter he will make it plain.

Jesus Saves.

89

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a-round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his d ath and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High-est hills and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

We'll Meet Them.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. O beauti - ful home of the weary, Where Jesus and cherish'd ones dwell,
 2. O beauti - ful home of the weary, So far from this valley of tears,
 3. O kingdom of beauty and gladness, Where God and his Son are the light;

Where never's a path lone and dreary, Where never is heard a farewell!
 Where we with our lov'd ones may tarry, Throughout all the rapturous years!
 Where nev - er are partings or sadness, Where never is sickness or blight!

DUET.

Sometime we will reach the fair portals, O blessed and peaceful re - treat,
 Oh, sweet is the thought of re-union, Up there in the home of the soul;
 Sometime, in the home of our Father, Where nothing shall mar or molest,

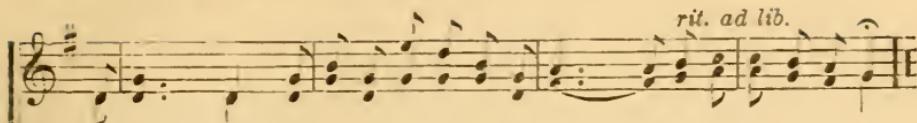
rit.

And there 'mid the shining immortals, Again our be - loved we'll greet.

A blessed and ho - ly communion, While a-ges on a-ges shall roll.
 With songs of rejoicing we'll gather, With those we hold sweetest and best.

CHORUS.

We'll meet them, sometime we will meet them, The dear ones who lovingly wait;
 We'll meet them, we'll meet them, The dear ones, the dear ones

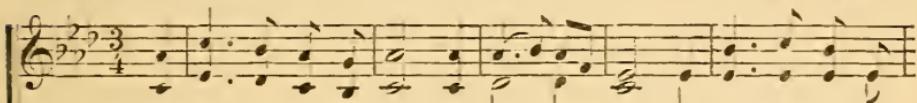


We'll greet them, sometime we will greet them. Up there at the beautiful gate.
We'll greet them, we'll greet them, Up there at the gate,

I Need Thee Every Hour.

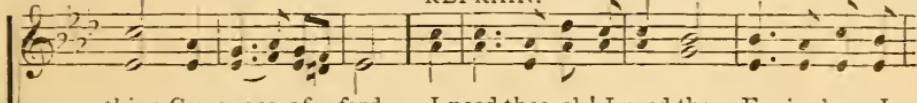
ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. I need thee ev'-ry hour. Most gracious Lord; No ten- der voice like
2. I need thee ev'-ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -

REFRAIN.



thine Can peace af - ford. I need thee, oh! I need thee; Ev- 'ry hour I
pow'r When thou art nigh.
bide. Or life is vain.



need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.



4 I need thee ev'-ry hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee ev'-ry hour,
Most Holy One:
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

On for Jesus!

J. H. E.

Tempo di marche.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. On for Je-sus! steady be your arm and brave; Onward, onward,
 2. On for Je-sus! tiresome tho' the conflict be, Tho' the hosts of
 3. On for Je-sus, till the sound of strife is o'er! When the great Com-

D. C.—"On for Je-sus!" this shall be the bat-tle-cry, Ne'er retreat-ing,

take the shield and sword; On for Je-sus! standard of your
 sin are press-ing hard; On for Je-sus! striving for the
 mand-er calls for thee Thou shalt wear a crown of life for-

ev-er press-ing on; On for Je-sus! marching on to

Fine.

Cap-tain wave, Press-ing ou-ward, trust-ing in his word
 vic-to-ry, Eud-less life will soon be your re-ward.
 ev-ermore, And with Je-sus reign e-ter-nal-ly.

vic-to-ry, As we shout the glad re-dem-p-tion song.

CHORUS.

March-ing, marching on, . . . We're marching onward still for Je-sus;
 Marching on, marching on,

March-ing, marching on, . . . Beneath the banner of the free.
 Marching on, marching on,

D. C.

The Army of the Lord.

93

W. H. P.

March time.

Wm. H. PRICK.

1. Come and join our happy throng, Lift your voice in joyful song, As Je-
 2. See! our Captain leads us on, He has need of ev'-ry one, For his
 3. Then no longer halting stand, Come and join our yonthful band, As we

hovah's name we praise; 'Neath the ban - ner of the right We are
 cause must nev - er fail; And tho' Sa - tan bars the way, Yet we
 march the foe to meet; For we'll wear a victor's crown, When we

CHORUS.

pressing to the fight, And our anthem loud we raise. Glo - ry and honor
 press to vic - to - ry, For Je - hovah must prevail.
 lay our armor down, And our trophies at his feet.

To the Lamb forev- erl Glo - ry in the highest, sing Hal - le - lu - jah to his

name! Let our voices loud proclaim Hal - le - lu - jah to our Saviour King!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Once I stood by the pool, Sick of sin and heavy hearted, Burden'd
 2. When by faith I stepp'd in, I felt all my sins forgiv - en. And my
 3. Bless the Lord, O my scull Who hath heal'd all thy diseases; While I

down with my guilt and my shame, But I call'd on the Lord, And he
 soul with God's love was a - flame; When his Spirit came down, Then I
 live I will praise his dear name, For the Comfort- er came,—Promis'd

sent his Ho - ly Spir - it, Then I stepp'd in the pool when he came.
 caught a glimpse of heaven, For I stood by the pool when he came.
 by the blessed Je - sus, And I stood by the pool when he came.

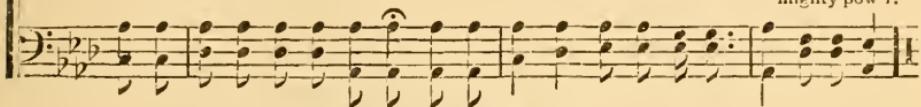
CHORUS.

I was down at the pool At the troubling of the waters; Oh, I

nev- er can forget that blessed hour; (blessed hour;) For I stepp'd in the pool,



And found pardon in the waters, When the Spirit came in mighty pow'r,
mighty pow'r.



Perfect Rest.

W.M. H. GARDNER.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

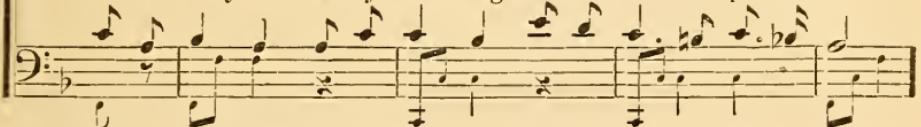
H. JAMES PRESTON



1. Wea - ry souls in darkness drifting, Hear, oh, hear this message blest;
2. Come to him, in all your weakness, You will be a welcome guest;
3. Come, tho' ye may seem but worthless, Lowly hearts he loves the best;



Tell your sorrows to the Saviour, And ye shall find perfect rest.
Ten - der - ly his hand will guide you To the realms of perfect rest.
Aft - er all your wea - ry wand'ring Ye shall find his perfect rest.



CHORUS. *f*



No more sorrow, on the morrow, Joy will henceforth fill thy breast;



rit. ad lib.



No more sadness! endless gladness, When you find his per - fect rest.



96 The Harvest Will Come By and By.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

H. JAMES PRESTON

1. What seed are you sowing in life's harvest-field, While swiftly the
 2. Sow good seed at morning, at noon-tide and eve, And let thy seed
 3. Be watchful and earnest and pray'rful - ly sow, Trust God for the

bright moments fly ? (moments fly ?) Each seed that you sow will spring up and grow.
 wisely be cast; (wisely cast;) Then joy shall be thine—thou needst not repine,
 sunshine and rain; (sun and rain;) Oh, sweet it will be at harvest to know,

CHORUS.

And the harvest will come by and by. The harvest will come by and
 When cometh the reaping at last!
 Thy la - bor has not been in vain!

by, by and by, The harvest will come by and by, by and by, Each

Seed that you sow will spring up and grow, And the harvest will come by and by.

Mrs. E. H. GATES.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.



1. If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking
2. If you cannot in the harvest Gather up the *richest* sheaves, Many-a
3. Do not then stand idly waiting For some *nobler* work to do, For your



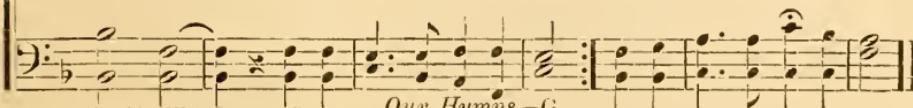
on the mighty billow, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can stand a-grain both ripe and golden, Which the careless reaper leaves, You *can* glean a-heav'nly Father's glory, Ev-er earnest, ev-er true; Go and toil in



mong the sailors, Anchored yet within the bay, You can lend a hand to
mong the briars, Growing rank against the wall, And it *may* be that the
an - y vineyard, Work in patience and with pray'r, If you *want* a field of



help them, As they launch their boats away ; As they launch their boats away,
shad - ows Hide the *heaviest* *wheat* of all, Hide the *heaviest* *wheat* of all.
la - bor You can find it *anywhere*, You can find it *anywhere*.



Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

SOLO. *With expression.*

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a cit - y bright and fair In that coun - try o - ver there,
 2. On the journeu to that land, He will help his saints to stand,
 3. Ma - ny loved ones gone be - fore Now are wait- ing on that shore,
 4. Free from ev - 'ry stain of sin, With our Lord we'll en - ter in,

Nothing like it here was ev - er seen;— Some bright morning, we are told,
 As up - on his loving arm we lean; We shall o - vercome our foes
 Standing on those hills of liv - ing green; Soon we'll meet them face to face,
 After we have cross'd death's rolling stream; For each door is o - pen wide

We shall reach those streets of gold,—God has opened all the gates between.

And the dangers that oppose,— God has opened all the gates between.
 For we're sure to reach that place,—God has opened all the gates between.
 Since the blessed Saviour died,— God has opened all the gates between.

CHORUS.

O that cit - y, bright and fair, Waiting for us o - ver there,—

What tho' tri- als here may in - ter - vene? Kept by his unfailing grace,

We shall surely reach that place,—God has opened all the gates be- tween.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

WOODWORTH. Second verse by RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

SMITH.

1. { How dear to the heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recol-
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And ev- 'ry loved
 D.C.—The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron bound bucket, The moss covered

Fine.

lec- tion pre - sents them to view, } { The wide spreading pond, the spot which my in - fan - cy knew. } { The cot of my fa - ther, the buck - et that hung in the well.

D.C.

mill that stood by it; The bridge and the rock where the cat-a - ract fell,
 dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

2 But dearer than fountain or well of our homestead
 Is the water of life which our Saviour shall bring,
 But brighter and cooler than old oaken bucket
 Are the draughts of salvation from heaven's clear spring;
 The wide, stretching valleys in colors so fadeless,
 Where trees are all deathless and flowers e'er bloom;
 The dearly beloved who stand at the portal,
 Expectantly waiting to welcome us home—
 'Tis better, far better than all earth can give us,
 To drink with the loved ones at fountains of God.

100 God Sends us Nothing but Blessings.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.



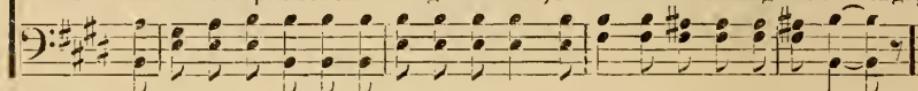
1. How happy we'd be could we but understand, God sends us nothing but blessings;
2. While sin may cause havoc and death and despair,

God sends us nothing but blessings;

3. So we will take from him whate'er he may give, God sends us nothing but blessings;



No matter what we may receive from his hand. God sends us nothing but blessings;
We bring on ourselves many ills that we share, God sends us nothing but blessings;
We'll trust him and praise him as long as we live, God sends us nothing but blessings;



Tho' we should be led o'er the mountain so steep, Or have to pass thro' where the
He sends us the sunshine to brighten our way, The beau- ful stars at the
He gave his dear Son for poor sinners to die. That we might live with him for-

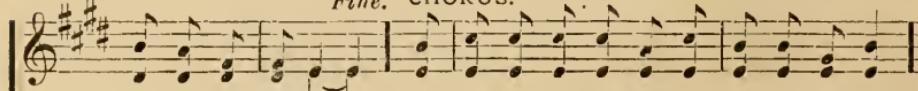


waters are deep, The Father has willed it, so why should we weep? God sends us
close of the day, His Spirit abides with his people alway, God sends us
ever on high, Then clearly we'll see in the great by and by, God sends us



D.S.—may we believe God sends us

Fine. CHORUS.



nothing but blessings. No, nothing but blessings can come from above,



nothing but blessings.

D.S.

Sent down from the Father of infinite love; Whatever we receive, oh,

Love Lightens Burdens.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. How the hand of love can lighten Heavy weights of woe! How a word of hope
2. How much comfort we can render By a kindly deed,— Offered in a
3. Let us visit homes of sadness, Weary ones up- lift, Bring to them a
4. Let us prove a source of pleasure By our acts of love,— Serving others,

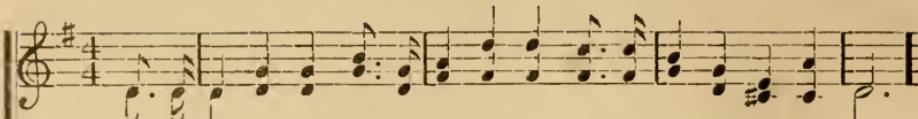
CHORUS.

hope can brighten Darken'd homes below! Lighten burdens! help your broth-
manner tender To a friend in need! [ers!
ray of gladness, By a word or gift.
lay up treasure, In the home a - bove.

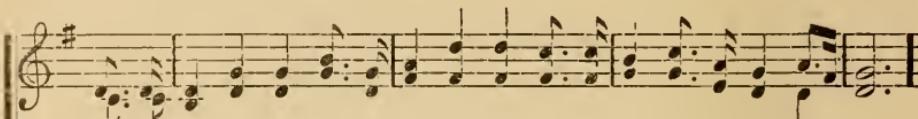
This is Christ's command; Lighten burdens borne by others, With a ready hand!

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. As a Christian band, Forward hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;
2. In our task agreed, Taking for our creed, All the blessed word of God,
3. Farassin hath wrought, Hath our Saviour taugnt That the word of life should go;
4. Bless the work begun, And until 'tis done, May we faithful, Lord, be found;

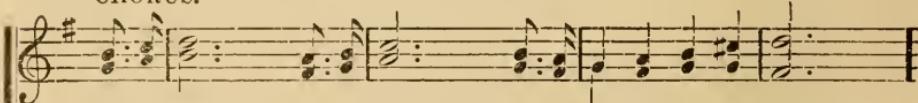


To a ruined race We declare his grace, And endeavor his love to show.

We together meet, And in union sweet, Seek to walk where the Master trod.
And we strive as one That his will be done, And the whole world his great love know.
May our ranks increase, And in grace and peace More and more make us to abound.



CHORUS.



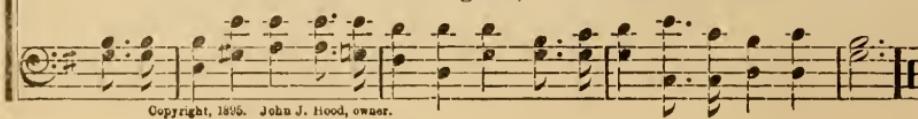
To the work, hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;

To the work, hand in hand,

gladly go;



To a ruined race We declare his grace, And endeavor his love to show.



Up, Arrouse Ye.

103

LUCY FAIR.

A. B. MORTON.



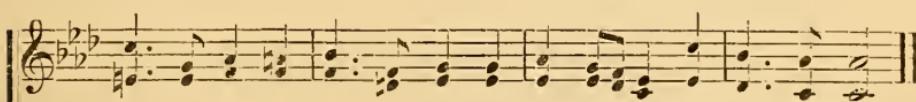
1. Up, arouse ye; work, be earnest In the cause we hold so dear,
2. Trusting in the Lord to give us Grace and strength each day we live,
3. He, perhaps, may send us tri - als That will cost us many-a tear,



Ral - ly round the glorious standard, We will conquer, nev - er fear.
We have promised love and service Un - to him we'll ev - er give.
But he's promised to be with us, Hear his whisper—"I am near."



For our great commander, leader, And the Captain of our band,
Are you ready? Are you willing? For what-ev - er work he gives?
Let us then go forward trusting, Knowing that the Lord knows best;



Is the mighty King of heaven, And the rul - er of the land.
Is his honor and his glo-ry The chief thing for which you live?
Just a few more years of service, Then he'll say—" Come home and rest."



Marching to Zion.

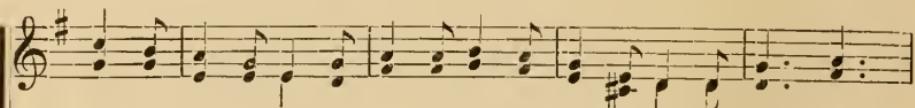
"Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion."—Jer. xxxi: 6.

ISAAC WATTS.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But children
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching



song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur -
of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May speak their
reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the
thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer



And thus surround the

REFRAIN.



round the throne, And thus surround the throne. We're marching to Zion, Beautiful,
joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.

golden streets, Or walk the golden streets.

worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high. We're marching on to Zi - on,



throne, And thus surround the throne.



beautiful Zion; We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.

Zi - on, Zion,



Lo, the Fruitful Harvest.

105

SUDIE M. THOMAS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Lo, the fruit - ful har - vest, But the la - borers are few; There's
 2. Ma - ny souls are per - ish - ing, Why sit ye i - dle here? Let
 3. Working, watching, praying, Waiting for the har - vest tide; O

work for you to-day, Arise ye, watch and pray, The Master of the
 not to-morrow's fate Be said of thee, "too late!" Work while 'tis day, make
 ho - ly, happy day, When Christ himself shall say, "Well done, ye faithful,

vineyard Calleth, hasten to o - bey, Your cov - e - nant re - new.
 no de - lay, Behold the Truth, the Way, Go forth, "be of good cheer."
 en - ter In - to ev - er - lasting rest, With me for - e'er a - bide.

CHORUS.

{ Working in the vineyard, in the straight and narrow way, Toil - - - ing
 { Sowing, reaping, binding all the bright and hap - Toiling with a will,

with a will: py day, Our cheerful task to fill.

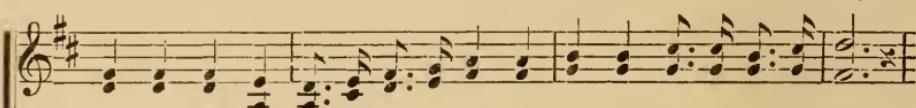
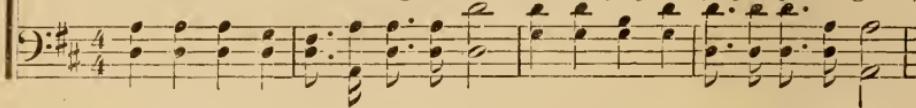
Toiling with a will:

J. H. E.

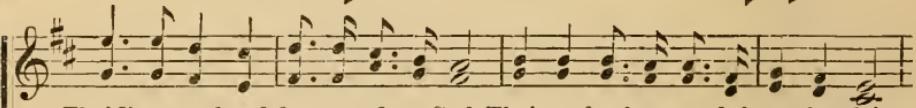
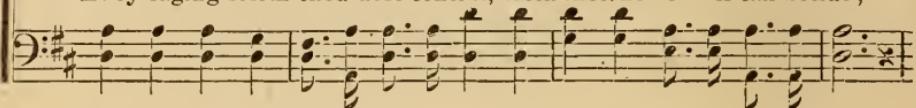
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



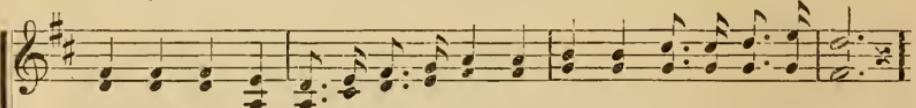
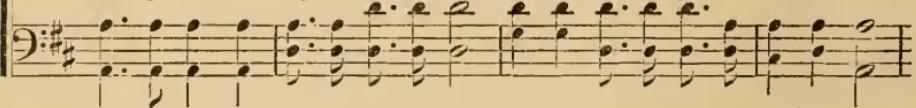
1. In the shelter of the Saviour's love, There my soul would evermore abide,
 2. 'Neath the shadow of his mighty wing I am safe, tho' waves of sorrow roll,
 3. Blessed anchor of the trusting soul! Thee I trust, my rock, my hope and guide,



Thro' the cleansing pow'r of Jesus' blood I'm safe, whatev- er may betide ;
 'Mid the tempest, I can sweetly sing, For Jesus' blood has saved my soul ;
 Ev'ry raging storm thou dost control, With thee, no e - vil can betide ;

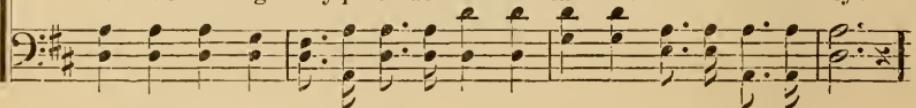


Tho' I've wandered far away from God, Tho' my feet have trod the paths of sin,
 Tho' the clouds oft gather in the sky, Making dark the lonely way I go,
 Oh, the greatness of thy boundless love! Thou didst save, poor sinner tho' I be,

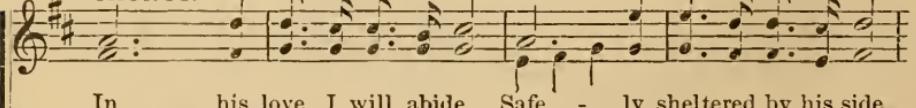


Yet I know there's pardon thro' the blood For all who plunge the fount within.

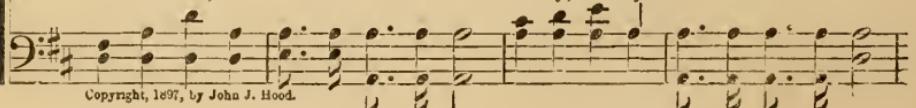
Yet I hear the promise of his word, "Sufficient grace I will bestow."
 Thro' the cleansing of thy precious blood I'm saved to all e - ter - ni - ty!

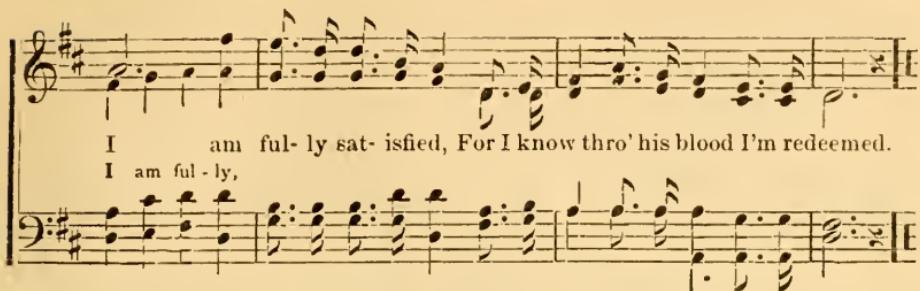


CHORUS.



In his love I will abide, Safe - ly sheltered by his side,
 In his love, his love Safely, safe-ly



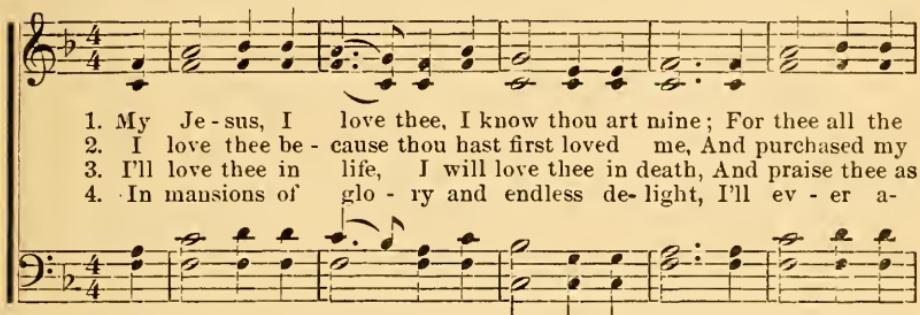


I am ful- ly sat- isfied, For I know thro' his blood I'm redeemed.
I am ful- ly,

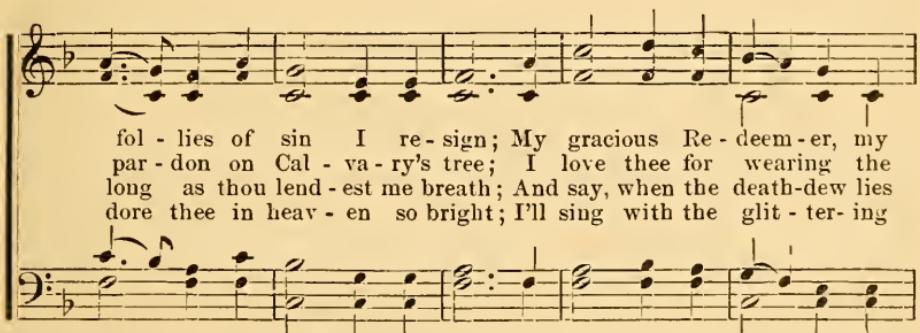
My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

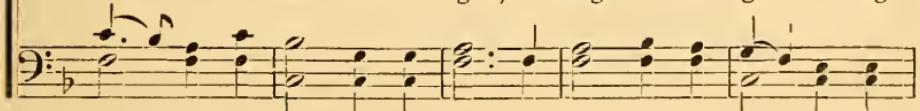
A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the
2. I love thee be-cause thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In mansions of glo-ry and endless de-light, I'll ev - er a-



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gracious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wearing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Saviour art thou; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

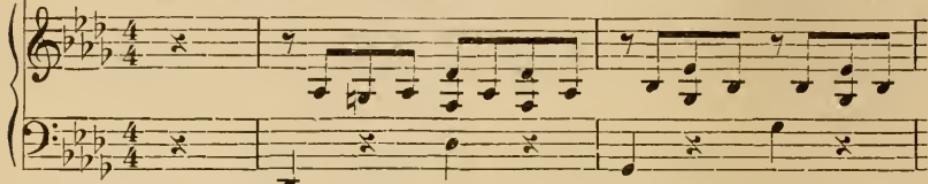


FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

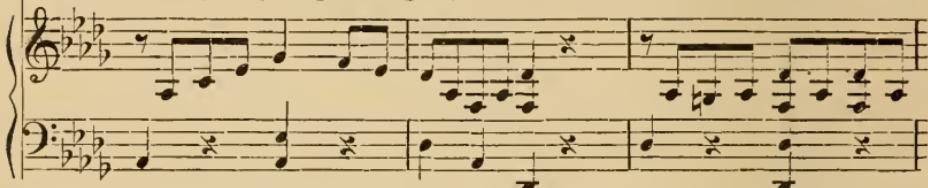


1. We have heard of a land on whose blue, ether skies Not a
 2. We have talked of that land when our jour- ney was long, And our
 3. We are near - ing that land, we are near - ing the gate To the



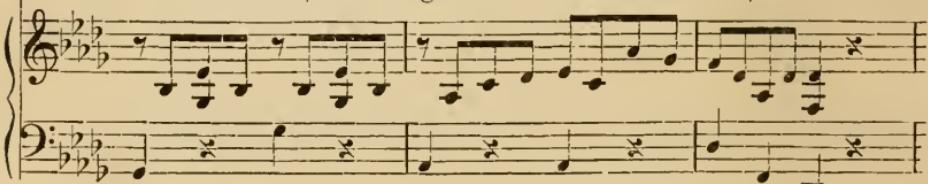
cloud for a moment can stay,
 hearts overburdened with care,
 cit - y of jas - per and gold,

And it needs not the sun in his
 We have talked of the blest at the
 Where the Saviour to welcome his

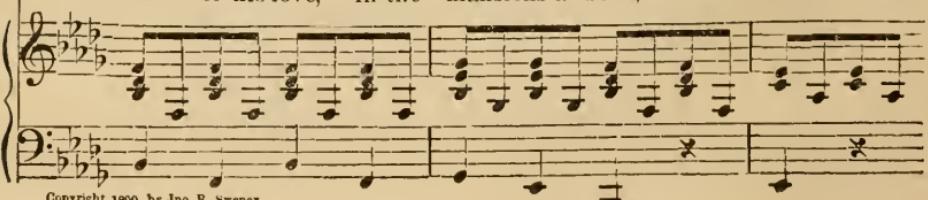


splen - dor to rise, For the Lord is the light of its day;
 riv - er of song, And how oft we have sighed to be there;
 children doth wait, And will gath - er them in - to the fold;

We have
 And our
 To the



heard of that land, and its glo - ry we seek, Where the faith-ful with
 faith has gone up, like a bird on the wing, To that land on e -
 fold of his love, in the mansions a - bove, Where for ev - er with



The Beautiful Land.—CONCLUDED.

109

715

a tempo.

Je - sus shall dwell,
ter - ni - ty's shore,
him they shall dwell,

Where the roses of youth never
Where the joy bells of E - den for -
And the eyes that were sad in his

fade from the cheek, And the lips never murmur, farewell.
ev - er shall ring, And the soul shall be wea - ry no more.
smile shall be glad, And the lips never murmur, farewell.

CHORUS

Beautiful land, beautiful land,

O - ver the roll - ing sea,(rolling sea,)Beautiful land, 3 beautiful

land,

When shall

we come to thee?

beautiful land,

When shall we come to thee?

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. We're marching on, a mighty host of soldiers, Jesus leads the way;
 2. We're trusting in the God of our sal - va - tion, Jesus leads the way;
 3. We're marching on towards a home in heaven, Jesus leads the way;

With courage bold we seek the field of conquest, Jesus leads the way;
 Thro' him we o - vercome in trib - u - la - tion, Jesus leads the way;
 We'll soon be o - ver in the fields of E - den, Jesus leads the way;

Foemen great may meet us, Naught can e'er defeat us, For we have a
 When the conflict ra - ges, In the Rock of A - ges We can always
 Then—a glorious meeting, Then—a hap - py greeting, And the gladsome

CHORUS.

gallant leader,—Jesus leads the way. So we'll onward march, an army
 find a refuge,—Jesus leads the way. song of vict'ry, Jesus leads the way. onward march, an

strong, And we'll always fight against the wrong; With a conq'ring
 ar - my strong, always fight against the wrong



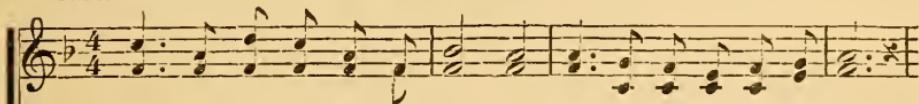
song we will move a - long, Forward march! for Jesus leads the way!



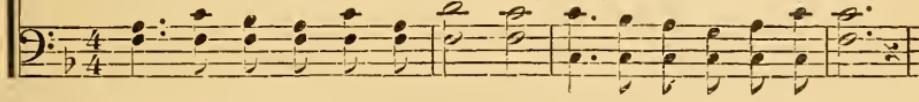
Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW.

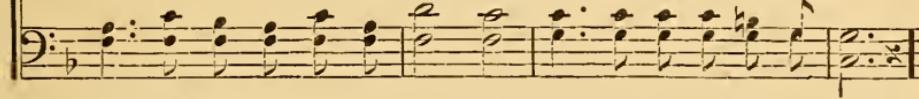
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



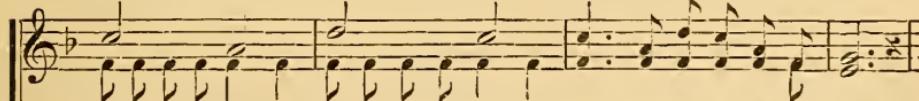
1. Use me, O my gracious Sa - viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee ;
2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea - ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tiou, Lord, I would from all be free,



Nothing done for thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hidden way.
And the on - ly hon - or seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.



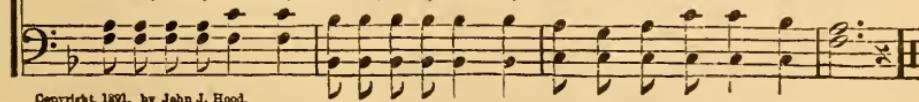
CHORUS.



Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee;
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa - viour,



Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee.
Use me, ' my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,



Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; }
 Saying they will wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool; }
 2. { Souls, your filth-y garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; }
 Hearts, your heavy bur-den bearing, Waiting at the pool; }
 3. { Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; }
 Come their voices back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; }

Oth - ers step in left and right, Wash their stained garments white,
 Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirred
 Back from Canaan's hap - py shore, Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er,

Leaving you in sorrow's night, }
 The waters with his mighty word, } Waiting at the pool,
 Where they stand in tears no more. }

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.

4 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Calls to them across the water,
 Waiting at the pool;
 You can nevermore embrace
 Mother, or behold her face,
 If you keep the leper's place,
 Waiting at the pool.

5 Step in boldly—death may smite you,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Jesus may no more invite you,
 Waiting at the pool;
 Faith is near you, take her hand,
 Seek with her the better land,
 And no longer doubting stand
 Waiting at the pool.

O Tell me Again!

113

Rev. H. H. RYLAND

A. B. MORTON.

1. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus a - gain. Of Je - sus who
2. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus a - gain. The sto - ry that
3. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus a - gain. O tell me the
4. O tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus a - gain, Who saves all who

died on the tree; O tell of his love for the wander - ing one,
nev - er grows old; O tell how he came from his heaven - ly home,
sto - ry once more; The love that he bore for the children of men.
trust in his word; Who cleanses from sin, and who keeps by his grace,

REFRAIN.

O tell of his love un - to me. O tell me a - gain, O
'Tis dear - er each time it is told.
'Tis sweet - er each time than be - fore.
The sweet - est that ev - er was heard.

tell me a - gain, O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old;

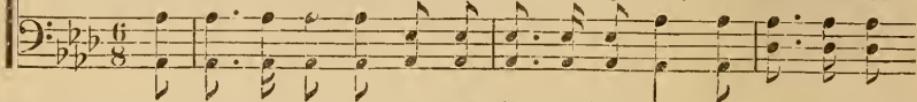
O tell me again, O tell me again, The story of Je - sus to men.

MARIET E. JONES.

JNO. R. SWENRY.



1. I'm thinking just now of a beau - ti - ful rest, Where sin has no
2. I'm thinking a - gain of the pavements of gold, Where none ever
3. I'm thinking of those with the burdens laid down, The cross in-ter -
4. I'm thinking a - gain of a rap - turous song, In praise of the
5. I'm longing just now for the heav-en - ly life, I fain would be



place and where none can molest, Where all dwell in peace and are perfectly blest,
 tread who are hungry and cold, Where all may partake of the sweet of the fold,
 chang'd for a beautiful crown, Who share in the wealth of that land of renown,
 Lamb, from a glorified throng, That sweetly shall roll thro' the ages along,
 free from vexation and strife, And dwell with my King where pure pleasures

[are rife,



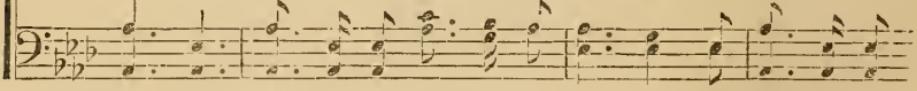
CHORUS.



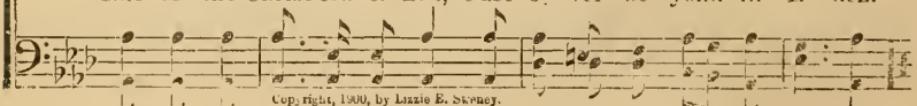
Just o - ver be - yond in E - den. Just o - ver be - yond in



E - den, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful E - den; Close, close by the



side of the Christ eru - ci - fied, Just o - ver be - yond in E - den.



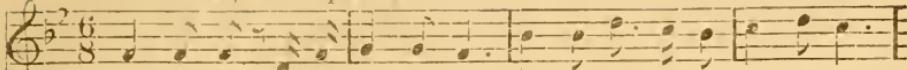
Just One Touch.

115

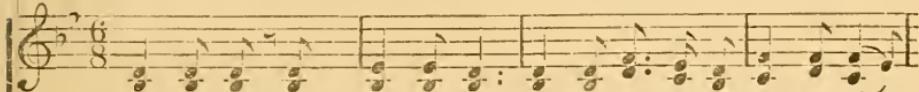
BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*



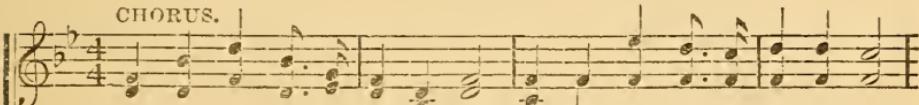
1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the blessed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me. O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver- y hour,



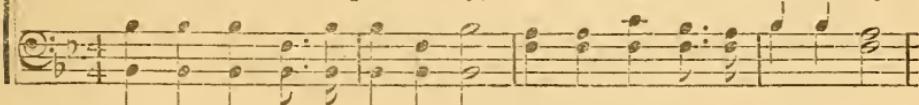
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 At his feet all my burdens roll,—Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 Thou caust hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



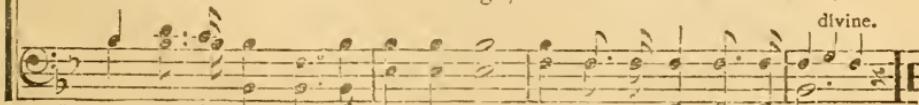
CHORUS.



Just one touch as he pass- es by, He will list to the faintest cry,



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di - vine.
 divine.



IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There is gladness in my spir - it, there is sunshine in my soul,
 2. Like the birds that wake the woodlands with their melo - dy of song,
 3. If the heart is al - ways hap - py with the love of Christ within,

For I walk and talk with Je - sus day by day; (day by day;)
 Like the streamlet mak - ing mu - sic in its flow, (in its flow,)
 Then the face will wreath his prais- es in a smile; (in a smile;)

And I love him, dear - ly love him, who redeemed and made me whole;
 I will make the world the brighter as I pass my way a - long;
 I will do my du - ty glad - ly in this world of strife and sin,

O 'tis love that keeps me singing on my way. (on my way)
 For 'tis love that keeps me singing as I go. (as I go)
 And his love will keep me singing all the while. (all the while.)

CHORUS.

O 'tis love that keeps me sing - - ing. Love of
 O 'tis love that keeps me sing - ing, keeps me sing - ing on my way,

JOHN W. ROSS.

Teach Thou Me.

WM. G. FISCHER.

And the grace of free for - giv - ing, as my Lord him - self forgives.
Grateful, glad, in storm or shining, with at least a song to give.
Fain to lose the world in gaining heav'n by liv - ing out thy will.
Dai - ly, hourly, praying guidance: what I see not teach thou me.

CHORUS.

118 **If Christ Should Come To-night.**

HARRIET E. JONES.

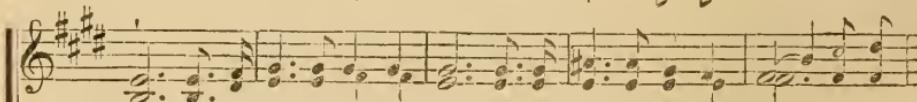
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. If our Lord should come to-night, With the bright angelic host, Would he find us
 2. If our Lord should come to-night, Come as King and Judge of all, Are there any
 3. Christ as King and Judge will come, 'Tis recorded in his book ; He will bid us



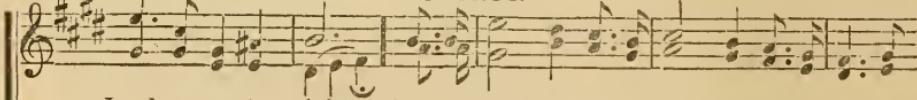
in his vineyard, Ev'ry servant at his post ? Thro' the precious, cleansing
 here assembled Who would tremble at his call ? Is there one, oh, is there
 stand before him, Not a soul will he o'erlook ! Are we read- y, ev- 'ry



blood Are our garments clean and white ? Are we dwelling in the light, Should our
 one Far from Jesus and the light, Un- repentant, lost, undone, If the
 one ? Are we in the raiment white. If the Judge of all mankind Should ap-



CHORUS.



Lord appear to - night ? Are we watching, are we waiting In the raiment
 Judge should come to-night ?
 pear this very night ?

watching, watching, waiting, waiting In the



pure and white ? Should we joy at his appearing
 raiment pure and white ?

If our Lord should come to-night ?

to-night !



On which Side will You be Found? 119

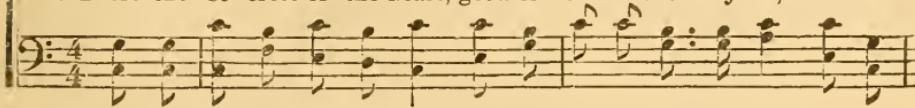
J. H. ALLEMAN.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

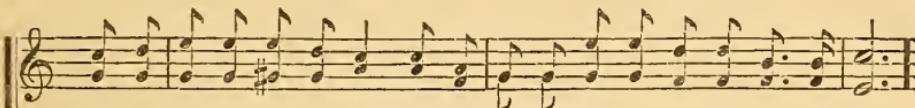
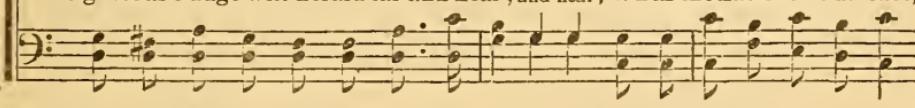
Not too fast.



1. When the pen - dum of time shall for - ev- er cease to swing, And Je-
 2. When the Book is opened there in the presence of the King, And the
 3. There the se- crets of the heart, good or e - vil tho' they be, He the



hovah's trump o'er all the earth shall sound; When the nations all shall rise,
 shall sound;
 millions crowd the judgment bar around ; around ; When the hosts of great and small,
 Righteous Judge will herald far and near ; and near ; When the nations he divides,



marching forth in solemn tread, Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will you be found ?
 over there before him stand, With the *just* up- on the *right* will you be found ?
 as the shepherd doth his sheep, Tell, oh, tell me, on which side will you appear ?

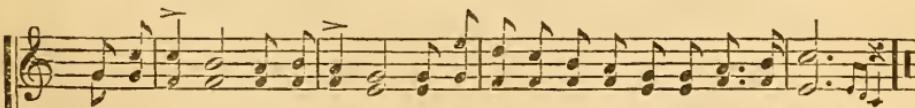
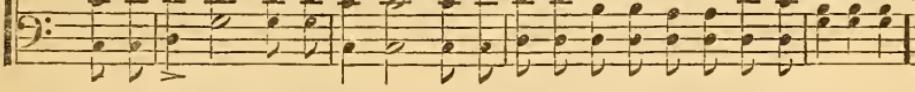


CHORUS.

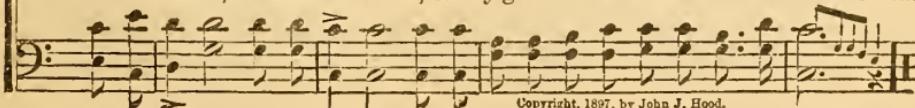


On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side, I will answer when Jehovah's trumpet shall sound;

shall sound;



On the Lord's side, on the Lord's side, Safely gather'd with the faithful I'll be found.



Crossing One by One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

SOLO OR DUET.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,
2. We have seen our friends cross over, one by one,
3. Days and weeks are passing swiftly, one by one,
4. We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,

When beyond the hills we
When at e- ventide their
Soon our toiling and our
When the soul's eternal

see life's setting sun;
earthly race was run;
journey will be done,
morning is be-gun;

With the boatman, grim and pale, Ev- 'ry
We have heard them say "good-bye," As we
Then with joy we'll sail a-way For that
When the boat for us shall come, We will

soul must shortly sail,—We shall cross the mystic river, one by one. (one by one.)
stood with tear-dimm'd eye,—We have seen them cross the river, one by one.
land of perfect day,—Soon we'll go where friends are waiting, one by one.
sail away for home,—We shall cross to be with Jesus, one by one.

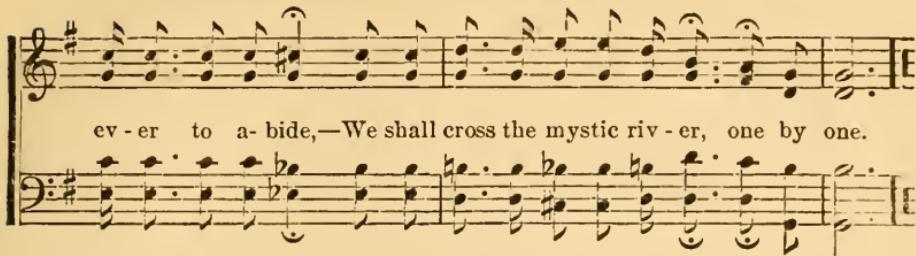
CHORUS.

One by one, one by one, We shall cross the mystic

One by one, one by one,

riv- er, one by one, To that land beyond the tide, There for-

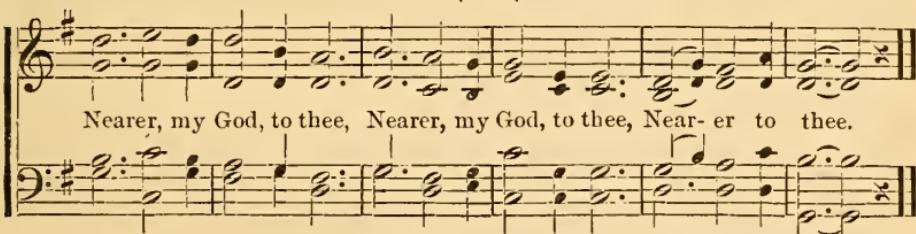
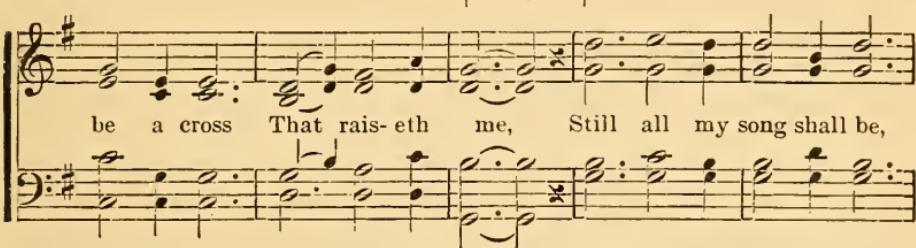
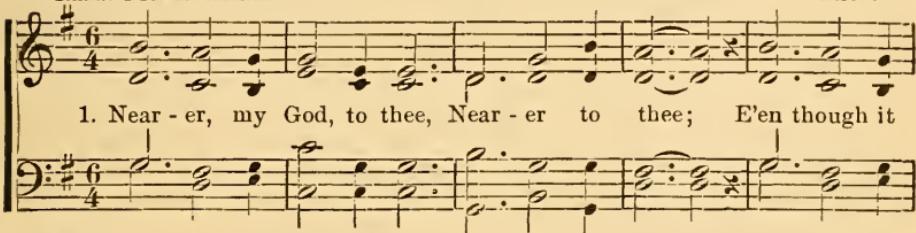
one by one,



Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

L. MASON.



2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

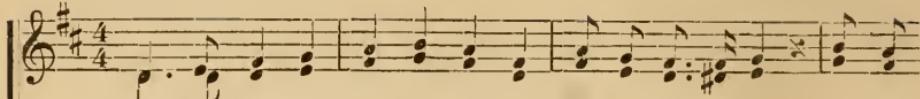
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Jesus Waits to Save.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Do you see the Saviour standing, Knocking at thy heart, knocking
 2. Waits to give you full sal - va - tion Thro' the precious blood, thro' the
 3. Come, all things in Christ are read - y, Open wide the door, o - pen



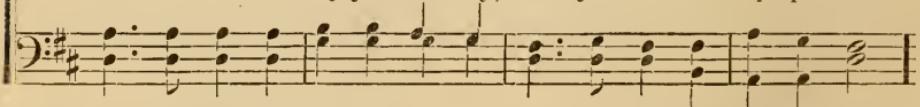
at thy heart? Full of love and patience, waiting, Will you say to him de -
 precious blood; He the Holy Ghost has promised To the pardoned child of
 wide the door; Now accept this great sal - va - tion, Bid him welcome ever -



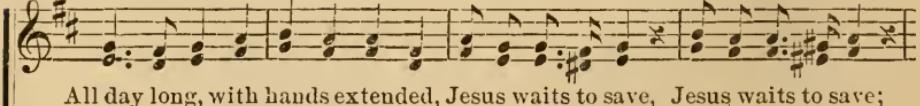
part? Tho' his love you've long rejected, Still he's knocking at the door,
 God. Venture all you have up - on him, All his promis - es to prove,
 more. Here present your soul and body As a liv - ing sac - ri - fice,



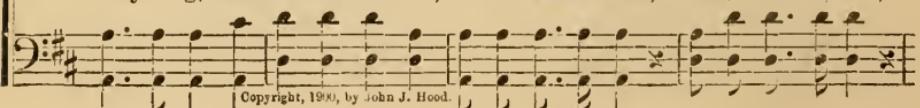
Waits to speak your sins forgiv - en, "Go in peace and sin no more."
 He will set - tle, fix and keep you Grounded in his per - fect love.
 Let him sanc - ti - fy you whol - ly, Fit you for the up - per skies.

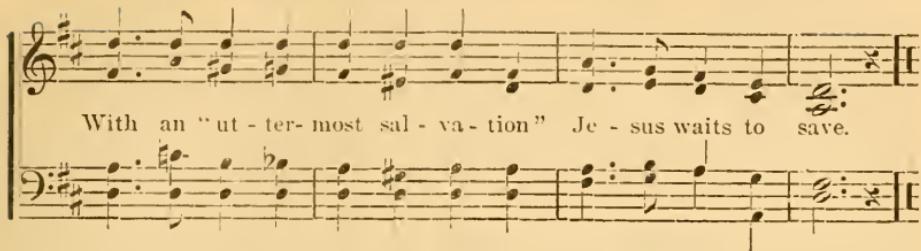


CHORUS.



All day long, with hands extended, Jesus waits to save, Jesus waits to save;

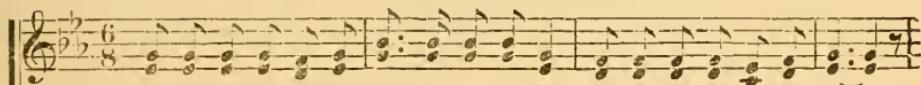




I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D.D.



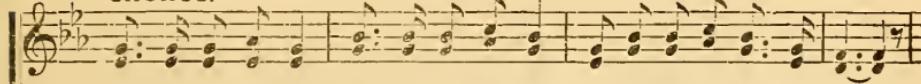
1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, Over and o- ver a - gain,



I shall behold him, O wonderful story! I shall be like him at last.
 Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.
 Changed by his spirit from glory to glory, I shall be sat- isfied then.



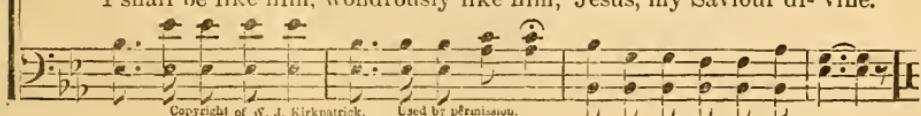
CHORUS.



I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine;



I shall be like him, wondrously like him, Jesus, my Saviour di- vine.



E. E. HEWITT.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

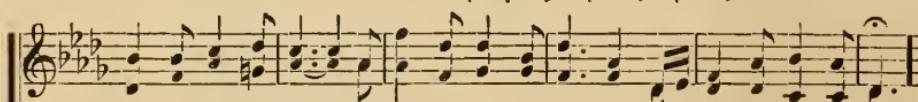


1. Life has its changeful seasons, its sunshine and its rain, Its summer and its
 2. In ev'-ry precious promise I see a golden ray, To fill my soul with
 3. The clouds may veil the sunshine now streaming from above, Yet they are ting'd

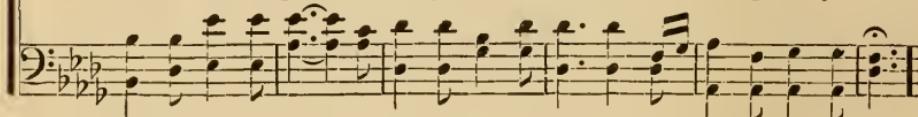
[with]



win - ter, its pleasures and its pain; But coming close to Je - sus, his
 gladness, to guide me, lest I stray; The word of my Redeem - er rich
 glo - ry, the com - fort of his love; Since at the feet of Je - sus I



grace will not depart; The Daystar hath arisen, 'tis shining in my heart.
 blessing shall impart; The Daystar hath arisen, 'tis shining in my heart.
 chose the better part, The Daystar hath arisen, 'tis shining in my heart.



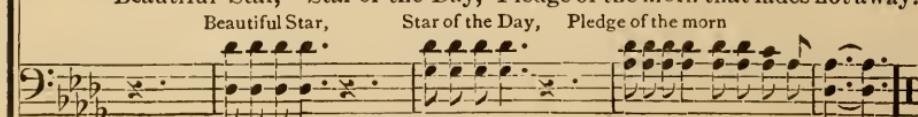
CHORUS.



Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Risen for me, lighting my way;
 Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Risen for me, lighting my way;



Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Pledge of the morn that fades not away.
 Beautiful Star, Star of the Day, Pledge of the morn



My Saviour First of All.

125

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENSON.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,

I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

Lamp of My Feet.

" Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet "—Ps. cxix: 105.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

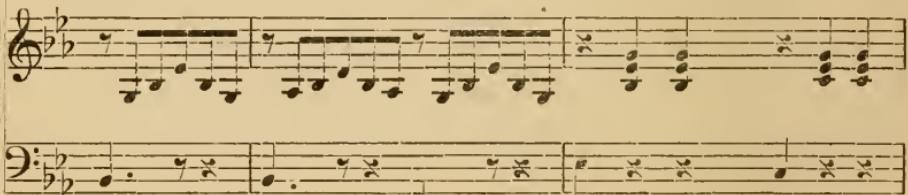
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Andante con espress.

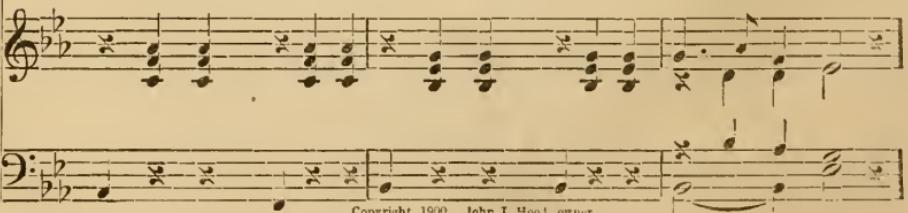
1. Lamp of my feet, Thy guid - ance lend, Walk by my
 2. Light of my path, il - lumine my soul, Help me Thy
 3. Star of my soul, with - in me shine; Fill me with



side, my path at - tend; Led by Thy hand I
 glo - ries to ex - tol; Fill me with peace like
 beams of joy di - vine; Let me Thy faith - ful



can - not stray, Lamp of my feet, my Life, my Way!
 that a - bove, Light of my soul, Ce - les - tial Dove!
 serv - ant be, Star of my soul, oh, lead Thou me!



CHORUS.

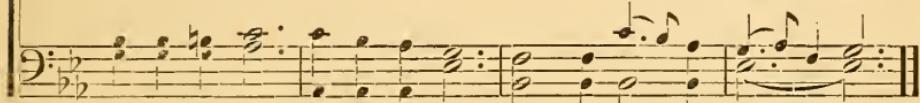


Lamp of my feet, Light of my path! Lead, oh, lead Thou me; . . .

rit. ad lib.



Star of my soul, guide and control, Lead me near-er Thee! . . .
near-er Thee.



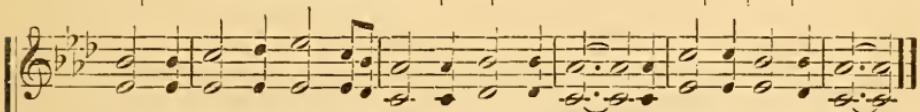
Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNELL.

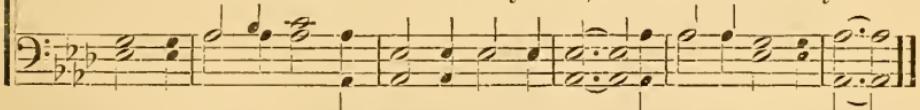
Tune, ORTONVILLE. C. M.



1. Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mortal can with him compare Among the sons of men; Fairer is



radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
he than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.



3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

5 To heaven, the place of his above,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

ADA BLENKJORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. By and by I know there'll be, by the shining crystal sea, Such a
 2. Friend with friend again will meet, O the welcome will be sweet, At the
 3. Christ the Lamb shall be our light, we shall walk with him in white, At the
 4. There's an in - vi - ta - tion free, and it comes to you and me, To the
 5. Praise the Lord! I'm go - ing too, now by faith the scene I view, At the

glad home-gath'ring by and by; When we walk the golden strand in that
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; We shall meet to part no more on that
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; He will wipe a - way our tears, he will
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; Who - so - ev - er will may share in the
 glad home-gath'ring by and by; By his grace and mer - ey free, with the

CHORUS.

bright and blessed land, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by. There will be a
 fair and blissful shore, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
 banish all our fears, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
 joyful meeting there, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.
 ransomed I will be, At the glad home-gath'ring by and by.

glad home-gath'ring by and by, There will be a glad home-gath'ring by and by; When

[the

Lord shall bid us come to his bright, celestial home, To the glad home-gath'ring by

[and by.

Life in the Light of His Face

129

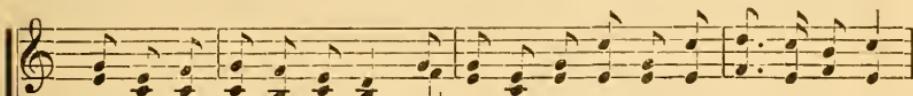
"In the light of the King's countenance is life."

E. E. HEWITT.

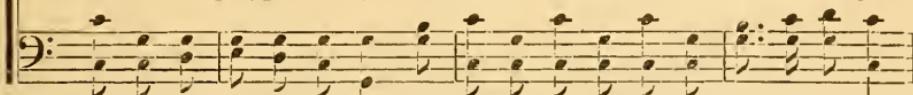
BENJ. FRANKLIN BUTTS.



1. Take courage, my brother, press stead- i - ly on, For soon will the
2. The dark clouds of sorrow may cov - er your sky, But Je - sus will
3. Sometimes the right way is not eas - i - ly found, The mists of un-
4. We praise him for blessings that glad- den our days, They sparkle a-



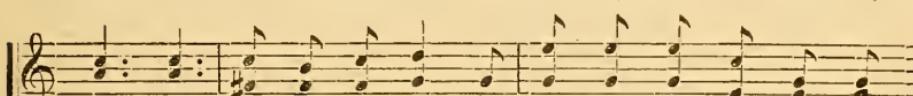
lingering shadows be gone ; Go, looking to Jesus while running the race,
scatter them all, by and by ; The arms of his mercy his children embrace,
certain-ty gather around, But, trusting the Lord and the word of his grace,
bout us like bright, golden rays, But brighter the joys of that love-prepared place,



REFRAIN.



There's life, blessed life, in the light of his face. Life, life, joy-ful- ly sing !



Life, life, serving our King; We're looking to Je - sus, while



running the race, There's life, blessed life, in the light of his face.



Praise Ye Jehovah.

J. H. E.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Arr. from GOUNOD, by J. H. E.

Praise ye Je- ho- vah, O praise the Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je-

ho- vah, the Ruler great, the God of love; Praise ye Je- ho- vah, O praise the

Lord who reigns above, Praise ye Je- hovah, the Ruler great, the God of love.

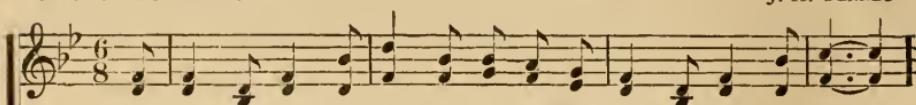
Praise be to God, Let the chorus loudly swell, Let ev'ry voice sing his
O praise to God, sing praise,praise, who doth crown with loving kindness. Sing un- to God, source of
sing praise, O sing to God,

ev - ry joy and blessing, Lift the voice in a glad, triumphant shout, Re-
 joice, and praise ye the Father! Praise ye, praise the Father, he is God o'er
 all victorious, Praise ye, praise the Father, for the gift of his only Son;
 Praise him for his wondrous works, Let the glad, triumphant anthem ring, Laud and
 magnify his great and glorious name, O praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY



1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,



Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
 That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.



CHORUS.



We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .



For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.



John J. Hood, owner.

I'm Washed In the Blood.

133

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. My many sins are all for - giv'n, And ev'ry slavish chain is riv'n;
2. I ask'd for mercy at the throne, No merits had I of my own;
3. The blood flows o'er my trusting soul, It saves and makes me clean and whole;

My burden's gone, my soul is free, The precious blood avails for me.
I pray'd for help in Je-sus' name, And to my heart the answer came:
Beneath the crimson tide I'll stay, Where all my guilt is wash'd a-way.

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood, I'm wash'd in the blood! I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd. O glory to God!

To save me from sin the Saviour died, And now I am jus - ti - fied

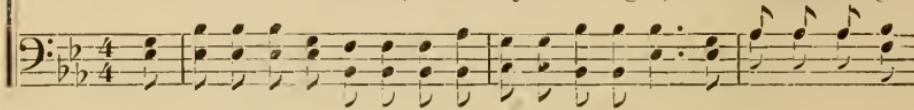
134 Our Lord can Hold the Ocean.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

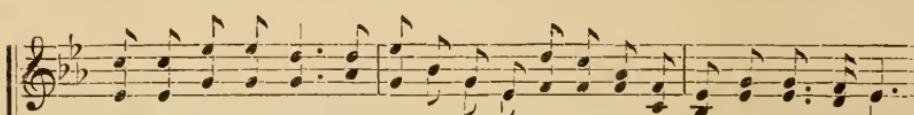
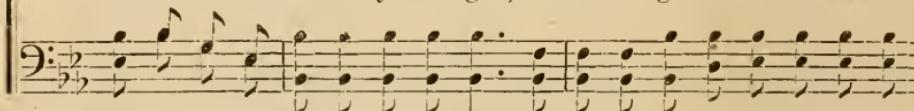
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Our Lord can hold the ocean in the hollow of his hand, And all the mountains
2. He sends his flaming heralds forth to distant worlds afar, He speaks and in the
3. Past pearly gates and jasper walls, 'mid splendor all his own, He sits, encircled
4. Around him are the Cherubim, God's holy sons of light, While countless angels



in his sight are but as grains of sand; But still he condescends to note the
universe there hangs a brilliant star; But still to weak and dying men he
with his light, upon the great white throne; But down the avenue of pray'r from
do his will and serve him day and night; But still he gave his Son to save a

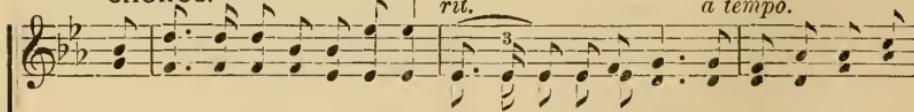


sparrows when they fall,

For he who guards creation e'er is watching great and small.

doth his grace afford, And ev'ry hair upon our heads is number'd by the Lord.
heaven's vaulted dome,He'll haste to wipe some tears away, or make some heart his home.
ruined world from sin. While mercy open'd heaven's gate that we might enter in.

CHORUS.



a tempo.

Take all your troubles, then, to him, tho' they be mountain high, He'll carry ev'ry



The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a treble clef. The second staff is in G major, common time, with a bass clef. The third staff is in G major, common time, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in G major, common time, with a bass clef. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with several fermatas (dots over notes) indicating where the music should be held.

burden and will all your need supply; And all the lit-tle cares of life that
 daily on you fall, You need not carry one of them, for God will bear them all.

When Darkness Once Her Wings Had Spread.

Christmas Carol.

(Music above.)

- 1 When darkness once her wings had spread o'er slumb'ring Galilee,
 And shepherds watched while snowy flocks were sleeping on the lea,
 An angel band appeared to them arrayed in garbs of light,
 While strains of music soft and sweet went stealing through the night.
- CHO.—"Twas "glory be to God on high, peace and good will to men,
 To you this day the Christ is born in lowly Bethlehem;
 He comes to save a ruined world, from sin to give release,
 He comes to usher in a reign of love and joy and peace."
- 2 The shepherds ran with eager haste unto the holy place,
 And gazed with wonderment and awe into the Christ-child's face,
 For lying there, a helpless Babe within the oxen's stall
 Reposed the Christ, the Son of God, the King and Lord of all.
- 3 The angels could not understand the mystery of grace
 That thus impelled their Lord and light to save a fallen race;
 But still they followed past the stars their Lord to Bethlehem,
 And sang the sweetest, grandest song e'er heard by mortal men.
- 4 We could not to that little Babe gold and frankincense bring,
 We could not gaze upon his face nor hear the angels sing;
 But if we give to him our love we yet his face shall see,
 And join the angels in their song through all eternity.

E. E. HEWITT.

DUET.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Rain and sunshine, night and morning, In the swift, revolv-ing year;
 2. As the gold-en honrs are fly-ing Let us use them all for him;
 3. Joy nn-fad-ing, heav'nly treasure, Growing sweeter all the way;

Smiling flow'rs the spring adorning, Leaves of autumn, brown and sere :
 On his gra-cious arm re-ly-ing, When the way grows dark and dim.
 As his grace, in ro-y-al measure, Helps us on-ward, day by day.

Just as va-ried is life's sto-ry, But unchanged our Friend above;
 On the clouds of care and sadness Will the bow of hope appear,
 Passing thro' the lone-ly val-ley, Leaning on the Shepherd true,

We are sing-ing to his glo-ry, There is joy in him we love.
 And we sing in trustful gladness, There is joy with Jesns near.
 Then will faith its forces ral-ly; There'll be joy with heav'n in view.

CHORUS. *Sprightly.*

Joy, joy, joy, for the passing days; Joy, joy, joy, cheering dreary ways;

Joy, joy, joy, O give thanks and praise; There is joy in him we love.

We're Going Home.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We have a home, a heav'nly home, On yon-der shining shore; No
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs outshine the sun, Its val-leys ver-nal, fair; O
3. Its pearl-y gates will soon un-fold, And Christ receive his own; O

CHORUS.

pain or death can en-ter there, 'Tis joy for-ev-ermore. We're go-ing
how we long to reach that home, And dwell forev-er there!

joy, ec-stat - ic to be-hold, The Saviour on his throne.

home to glo-ry, by and by; We're go-ing home to glo-ry, by and by;

We're go-ing home to glo-ry, by and by, And reign with Jesus there.

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M. P. B.

HARRY C. JONES.

1. How oft we grow lonely, and weary, and sad, Dark mountains seem
 2. How pillars of glory shall rear their proud heads, And reach the grand
 3. How we'll roam on the banks of the riv - er of life, And pluck the sweet
 4. Sweet, sweet immor - tal - i - ty, ev - er with Christ, Oh, rapture this

tow'ring on high; But the sun of Christ's love can shine thro' our lives, dome of the sky; When we gaze on the face of the Cru - ci - fied One, flow - ers of joy, Whose beauty ne'er withers, whose bloom never fades, world cannot give! Here glimpses of heav - en, some foretaste of bliss,

And col - or the bow in our sky. There'll be nothing but beauty, and Who reigns our Immanuel on high. How the jew - els will sparkle in Where praise is the constant employ. There, there re - u - ni - ted with There noth - ing but joys ev - er live. How strains of sweet music will

gladness, and love, And the joys that can never fail, When we meet our Re - ev'ry fair crown, With a lus - tre that never can pale, How we'll bask in the loved ones again, Where sickness their cheeks never pale. All partings be swell o'er the harps, Where discords will never prevail, What grand halle-

deemer in the cit - y above, When the angels have lifted the veil.
 sun - shine of the E - den of love, When the angels have lifted the veil.
 end - ed, no sorrow can come, When the angels have lifted the veil.
 Iujahs shall sound and resound, When the angels have lifted the veil.

CHORUS.

When the angels have lifted the veil, When the angels have lifted the veil;
 have lift - ed the veil.

There'll be nothing but beauty, and gladness, and love, When the angels have lifted
 [the veil.

New America.

S. F. SMITH.

W. M. G. FISCHER.

1. My country ! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my

2. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our

King!

Miss Lotta B. White.

Psalm cvii: 2.

A. B. Morton.

1. If the Lord your soul has saved, Say so, Given thee the blessing craved,
 2. If great love to you he shows, Say so, Day by day his grace bestows,
 3. If he is your dearest friend, Say so, (say so,) If on him you can depend,

Say so, Tell to all the world around, What a Saviour you have found,
 Say so, If the Saviour helpeth you, When you strive his will to do,
 Say so, (say so,) If to you he draws so near, Clouds and darkness disappear,

CHORUS.

Found a balm for ev'ry wound, Say so. Be his willing witness ev'ry-
 Witness to your Master true, Say so.
 If his presence gives you cheer, Say so. (say so)

where you go, Sounding forth his praises in this world of woe, Telling

all around you of his matchless love, If the Lord's redeemed you, say so.

Sweeter than All.

141

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Christ will me his aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I can fol-low all the way, Hearing him call, hearing him call;
3. Tho' a ves-sel I would be, Broken and small, broken and small;
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic-es will call, voic-es will call;



While I find my precious Lord
Finding him, from day to day,
Yet his man-na falls on me,
But my Saviour's voice will be

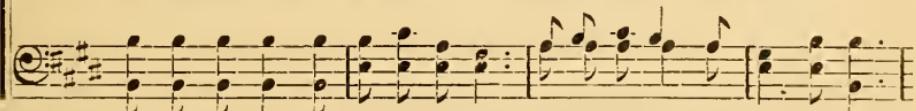
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.



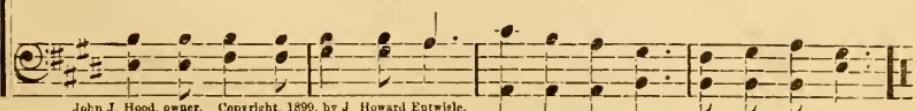
CHORUS.



Je-sus now is and ev-er will be Sweeter than all the world to me,



Since I heard his lov-ing call,—Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.



Joyful Praises.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Praise, joyful praise, Ho-ly Father, to thee! Anthems are swelling, like

2. Each day is tell-ing thy goodness a-new; Each star that sparkles on

waves of the sea, Songs of redemption, of gladness and love Blend with the

midnight's dark blue Ech-oes the sto - ry of guidance and care, Calls us to

cho - rus resounding above; Hosts of the ransomed, in garments of white,

thankfulness, moves us to pray'r; Thy wondrous bounty provides for our need,

Singing "salvation and glory and might;" Pilgrims below Sing as they go,

Thy hand, so gentle, thy people will lead; Pilgrims below Sing as they go,

CHORUS.

"Father, from thee all our mercies flow." Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises,

"Father, from thee all our blessings flow." Praise to thee, praise to thee,

Angel bands are singing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, We thy
 Praise to thee, praise to thee,

children bringing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, Hearts and voices
 Praise to thee, praise to thee,

ringing; Joy - ful praises, joy - ful praises, Lord, we give to thee.
 Praise to thee, praise to thee,

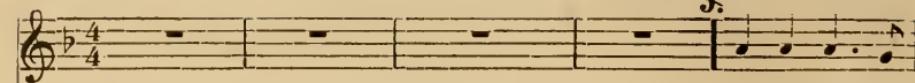
The Lord is my Shepherd.

A - men.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want. || He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still | wa- | ters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for- | ev- | er. || A- | men.

E. E. HEWITT.

Arr. by CHAS. R. DODWORTH.



1. Lift, ye gates, lift
2. Lift, ye gates, lift

CHO.—Come, oh, come, thou

Allegro quasi.

f



up your heads with gladness, Be lift- ed up, ye ev- er- lasting doors,
up your heads with gladness, Be lift- ed up, ye ev- er- lasting doors,
mighty King of Glo - ry, Make thy home in the hearts that welcome thee;



Lo! he waits, whose coming scatters sadness; See, from his countenance ce-
Lo! he waits, whose coming scatters sadness; See, from his countenance ce-
Lord of Hosts, while an- gels bow before thee, Hear children sing, blessing,

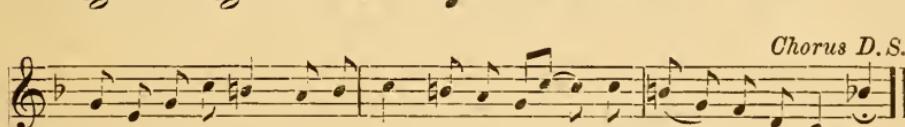


*rall.**Fine.*

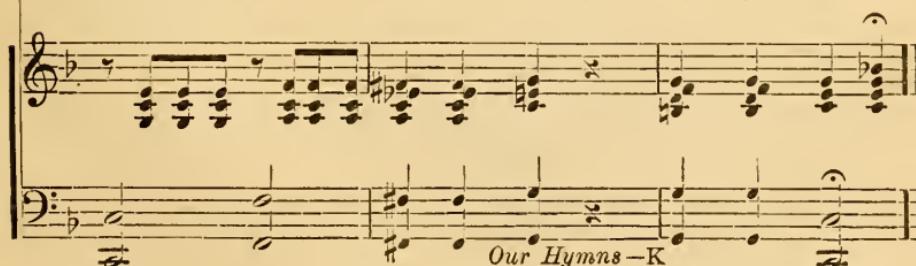
lestiel brightness pours. Sing praises, sing un - to this King of Glory,
lestiel brightness pours. Throw wide each gate, receive him ev'ry nation;
pow'r and majes- ty. [D.C. for 2d verse.]



Now let him bring Gifts of joy, and peace, and love; Bid sin depart, 'tis thy
O - ver all lands may his banner ev- er wave, Ho - ly and great, in

*Chorus D.S.*

Saviour stands before thee, Then open each heart to this Friend all friends above.
him alone salvation; Come, worship the King al - might - y to save.

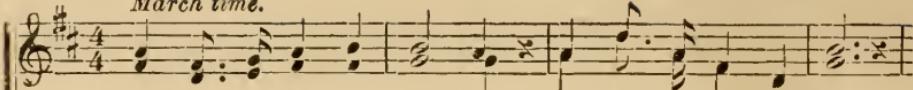


On to Victory.

J. H. E.

March time.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Hark! hark, the trumpet sounding, Rise at the break of day,
2. March-ing like valiant sol-diers, Stead-y our steps and true,
3. Then shall the path be bright-er, No more by care oppress'd,



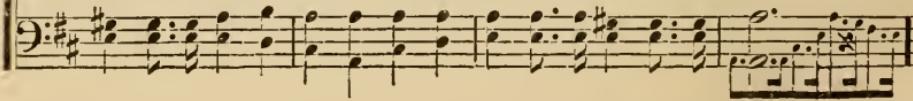
On to the front where sin is abounding, Forward, the call o-bey;
 Faith in our Leader, no thought of danger, Fear and alarm, a-dieu;
 Firm in our purpose, true in our motives, Hop-ing for what is best;



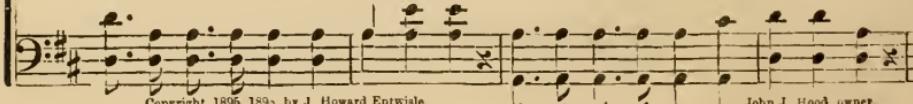
Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Go forth in faith to con-quer,
 On, tho' the world oppress thee, On, tho' the foe dis-tress thee,
 Trusting the King of glo-ry, Tell-ing the old, old sto-ry,



Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
 Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
 Waiting the Master's call to en-ter In-to the ha-ven of rest.



Forward, then, with banners waving high, Forward, as we shout the battle-cry.



Onward in the conflict, hop-ing, trusting, On to vie - to - ry!

Refresh me Now.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Saviour, oft - en I am tempted, Oft from thee my soul is led astray :
 2. Oh, I love to serve thee better, More for thee, dear Lord, I long to do ;
 4. Saviour, while I bow before thee, Fill my soul with peace and love divine,

Give me strength for ev'ry tri - al, Keep me ev - er in the homeward way.
 Fill me now with thy sweet Spirit, Banish weakness and my strength renew.
 Comfort me with thy sweet whispers, Let me feel that I am wholly thine.

CHORUS.

Oh, more of thee my spirit needs, More love, more strength for noble deeds;
 Oh, more of thee my spir - it needs, More love, more strength for no - ble deeds :

On thee a - lone my spirit feeds, Dear Lord, refresh me now.
 On thee a - lone my spir - it feeds, Dear Lord, refresh, re - fresh me now.

148 Walking and Talking with Jesus.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Safe on my journey I go;
2. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Trusting his pow er di - vine;
3. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Free from my burden and fear;
4. Walking and talking with Je - sus, Kept by his won-der-ful love;

Why should I stray from his keeping, When he such mer - ey doth show ?
 He is my Saviour and brother, All of his rich - es are mine.
 Fill'd is my heart with re - joicing, Knowing his presence is near.
 Guided from moment to moment Near- er to mansions a - bove.

CHORUS.

Walk - - ing and talk - ing, In sweet communion are we;
 Walking and talking, yes, walking and talking,

For the Sav - iour each moment Is walking and talking with me.
 Jesus my Saviour

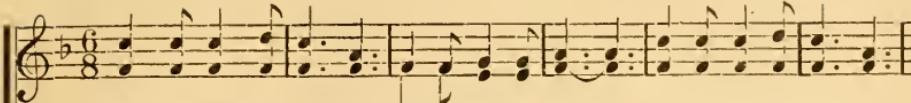
Bear the Cross for Jesus.

149

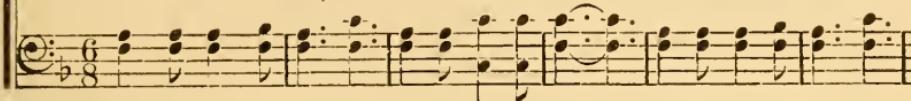
"Take up the cross and follow me."—Mark x. 21.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

R. LOWRY. By per.



1. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it every day ; Tho' the path be rugged,
2. Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and silence—
3. Bear the cross for Jesus; Would you know the pow'r Of his grace to save you



Bear it all the way ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Whatsoe'er it be ;

Whatsoe'er thy life ? Bear the cross with patience Tho' you sigh for rest ;
Save you hour by hour ; Bear the cross for Jesus, Never mind its weight ;



REFRAIN.

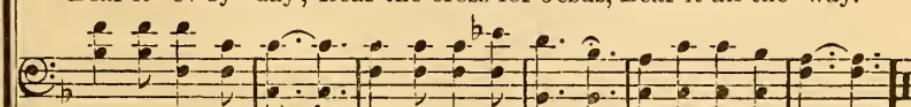


Bear it, and remember All his love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
Just the one he gives you Is for you the best.

We shall leave our burden At the golden gate.



Bear it ev'ry day; Bear the cross for Jesus, Bear it all the way.



FRANK H. MASHAW.

ISAAC Y. TRACY.



1. I was poor-er than all, I was hungry and cold, I was far, far a -
 2. I was poor-er than all, I was friendless, alone, I was still in my
 3. I was poor-er than all, I was read- y to die, But the Saviour came
 4. I was poor-er than all till the Lord said to me, Go in peace, sin no



way from the dear Shepherd's fold, But Jesus now gives me of his riches untold,
 sins and my heart was a stone, But Jesus smil'd on me and said thou art my own,
 down from his throne in the sky, On Calv'ry he ransom'd such a sinner as I,
 more, now I'm happy and free, And ever I'll praise him, and his child I will be,



CHORUS.



Oh, the peace of my soul is Je - sus! I was poorer than all, now I've



riches to spare, And a home he is building for me so bright and fair, And some



day I am going to my home over there, Oh, the peace of my soul is Jesns!



Let thy Peace Flow as a River. 151

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Is thy heart with sorrow smitten, Has thy gladness tak-en wing.
 2. Have ills come in quick succession, Is thy inmost spir-it grieved.
 3. Must some grief remain unspoken, Is thy soul with burdens weighed,

Has the blight of death been written O-ver ev-ry cherished thing?
 Hast thou lost some dear pos-session, Of some friend art thou be-reaved?
 Hast thou had some e-vil to-ken Of a con-fi-dence be-trayed?

Fear no storm, no chilling weather, Nothing e-vil can be-fall,
 Je-sus un-derstands thy loss-es. He re-gards a sparrow's fall,
 Fearest thou some sad to-morrow. Does some threatened woe ap-pall?

Fine.

All for good shall work to-gether, Trust the Lord and tell him all.
 He can lift thy heavy crosses, He will bear them, tell him all.
 Tell him who has borne our sorrow, He will comfort, tell him all.

D.S.—to de-liv-er, Ev-er trust and tell him all.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Let thy peace flow as a river, God will hear thy faintest call; He is mighty

152 **Lord Jesus, Make me Whole.**

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord Jesus, make me whole in the fount of life, That's made for sin.
 2. I come, dear Lord, to thee with a child-like faith, My bur-den of
 3. I need thy pard'ning blood to my heart applied, O thou who hast

cleansing here be-low; O wash me in the blood of the Cru-ci-fied,
 sin is great, I know; But thou canst wash me clean in thy precious blood,
 paid the debt I owe; Then plunge me in the tide of the crimson flood,

CHORUS.

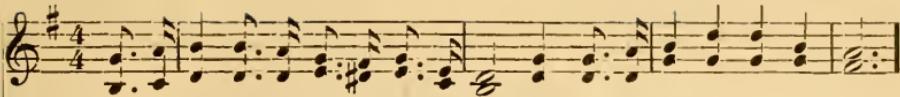
And I shall be whiter than the snow. Whit - - er than the
 Whiter than the snow,

snow, Whit - - er than the snow; O
 Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow;

wash me in the blood of the Crucified, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us, Let us watch and duly pray,
2. Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us, And the way shall be made clear;
3. Let us walk in the light that Jesus gives us, In his ho-ly word of love,



That his love and care may be thrown around us Till we reach the perfect day.

O- ver ev'ry step of our homeward journey, We shall find his presence near.
Till we see the face of our blessed Master In the perfect light a - bove.

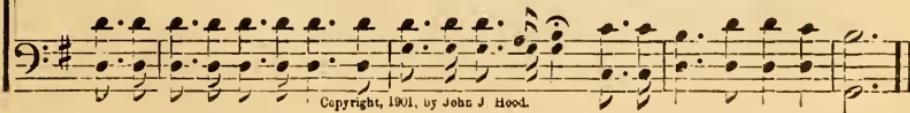
CHORUS.

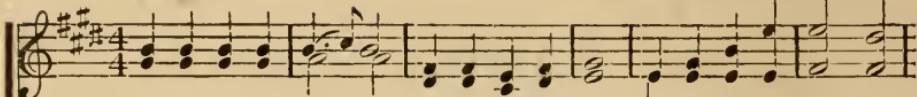


Walking in the light, so beautiful and bright, Shed up- on us from above;



Leading upward and away to ev - erlasting day, Blessed light of Jesus' love!





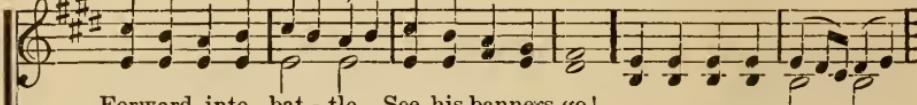
1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading



Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the royal Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foundations qiv-er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bo-dy we,



CHORUS.



Forward into bat-tle, See, his banners go! Onward, Christian soldiers!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in chari-ty.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore.



4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

When we Reach our Home.

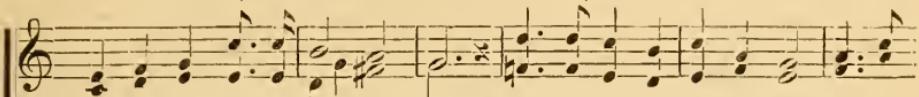
155

HABRIT E. JONES.

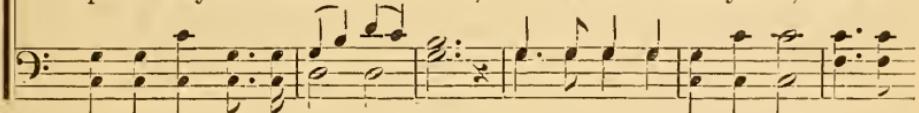
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Not a cloud to hide our sky When we reach our home; Nev - er tempest
2. Never wrong against the right Wheu we reach our home; Nev - er sin- ful
3. Nevermore a grave appears When we reach our home; Wip'd away are
4. We will labor, watch and pray Till we reach our home; Cling to Christ our



sweeping by When we reach our home: Not a wave our bark to toss, Not a hosts to fight When we reach our home; With our shining shield and sword Let us sorrow's tears Wheu we reach our home; Not a moau above our dead, Not a hope aud stay Till we reach our home; All our sorrows meekly bear, Each with



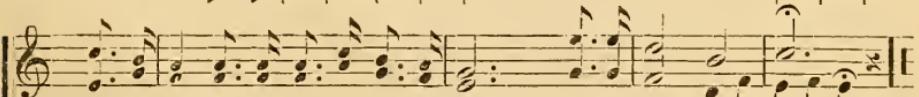
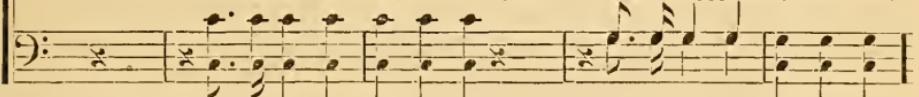
thought of pain or loss, Crowns of glory af- ter cross When we reach our home, battle for our Lord, Thinking of the blest reward When we reach our home, lonely path to tread, Not a bitter tear to shed When we reach our home, each life's burdens share, Thinking of the glory there When we reach our home.



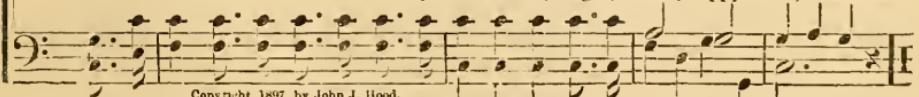
CHORUS.



When we reach our home, Restful, hap - - py home,
When we reach our home, sweet home, Restful, happy home, sweet home,



Over there where the many mansions be, Bright, e- ter - nal home.
ma- ny mansions be, Bright, eternal, happy home, sweet home.



Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
 2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
 3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight, Angels descend- ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
 happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - ey, whispers of love.
 goodness, lost in his love.

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Standing on the Promises.

157

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per-fect, present
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

a - ges let his prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,
 moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the promis- es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promis- es,

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis- es of God.

Standing on the prom- is - es,

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
 2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender- ly he

D. S.—Sweeter than the angel's music is his
 Fine.

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are
 bles-sing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows
 whis-per-eth, He is mine. I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, Ife is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
 comes a whisper, "safe-ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
 presence doth illume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
 thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,"
 mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light;

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,
 He is mine, Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,
 'Le is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

D.S.

Work Song.

ANNA L. COGHILL.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming: Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is coming: Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is coming: Under the sunset skies, While their bright

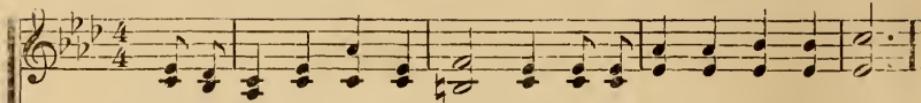
dew is sparkling; Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work while the day grows brighter,
 hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev'ry flying min - ute
 tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies; Work till the last beam fadeth,

Under the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

160 **Like an Army We are Marching.**

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

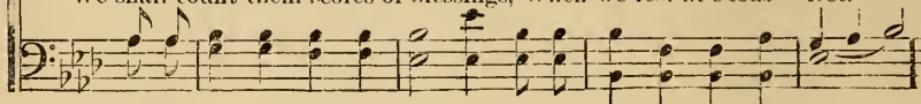


1. Like an arm - y we are marching, In the service of the Lord;
2. Like an arm - y we are marching, With our banners, day by day,
3. Like an arm - y we are marching, From the Sunday-school we come;
4. Like an arm - y we are marching, Many tri - als tho' we meet,—



Marching onward to the vict- 'ry He has promised in his word.

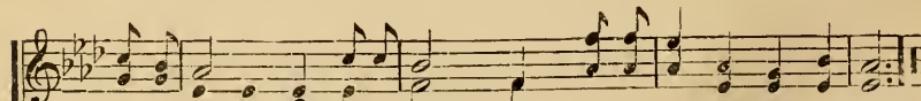
Looking ev - er un - to Je - sus, Trusting him to guide our way.
Trained to fol - low our Commander, Till he brings us safe - ly home.
We shall count them scores of blessings, When we rest at Jesus' feet.



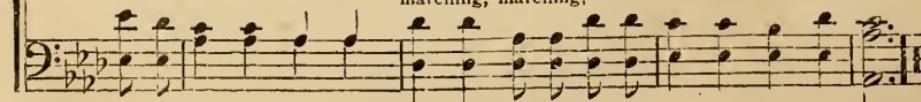
CHORUS.



March - ing, march - ing, Marching brave and strong, . . .
Marching, marching, we are marching,



Like an arm - y we are march- ing, While we sing our hap - py song.
marching, marching,



It Came Upon the Midnight Clear. 161

EDWARD H. SEARS.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unsurled;
 3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
 4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By prophet-bards fore-told,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still ce-les-tial mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
 Who toil a-long the climbing way, With pain-ful steps and slow;-
 When with the ev-er-circling years Comes round the age of gold!

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King;"
 A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on heav'nly wing,
 Look up! for glad and gold-en hours Come swiftly on the wing;
 When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its fi-nal splendors fling,

The earth in sol-emu stillness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.
 And ev-er o'er its Babel sounds, The bless-ed an-gels sing.
 Oh, rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing!
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing!

Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

With expression.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way;
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
 I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
 To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .

lest I stray;

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

stream of time,

all the way.

Keep Close to Jesus.

163

J. L.

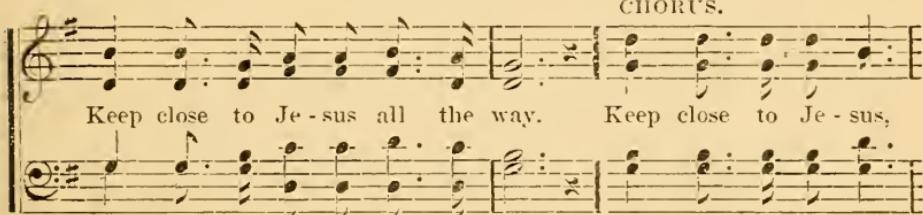
JOHN LANE.



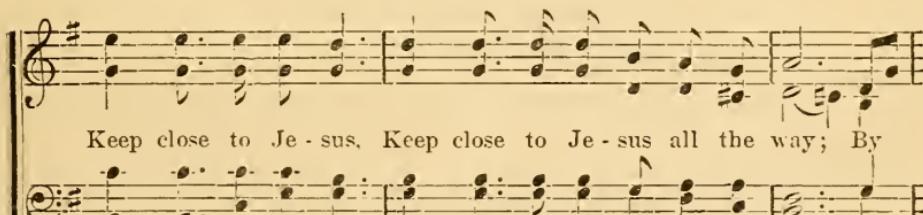
1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev-er mind the storms or tri-als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to

Jesus all the way: For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Jesus all the way: 'Tis a comfort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Jesus all the way: Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

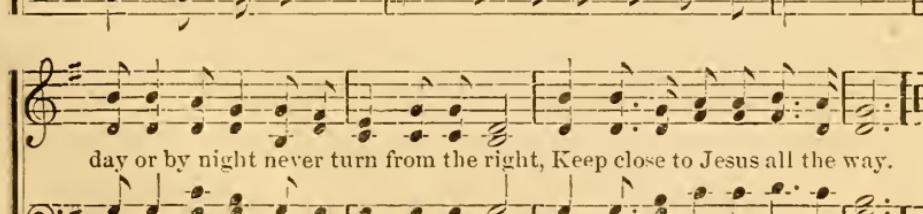
CHORUS.



Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By



day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

E. A. NEWMAN.

HARRY C. JONES.

1. Oh, what wilt thou do when the night cometh on, When daylight is fading and
2. Oh, what wilt thou do when the tide riseth high, When life is departing and
3. Oh, what wilt thou do in the great judgment day,
When heaven and earth shall have
4. Oh, fly to the refuge, while still there is time, While God offers pardon and

hope nearly gone; When fears shall oppress thee, and dark billows roll,
death draweth nigh; The vain things of earth have no pow'r to console;
all passed away; When thy doom is sealed and the death knell shall toll,
heal-ing divine; There, safe in that shelter, sweet peace shall control,

CHORUS.

Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul?
Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul?
Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul?

What wilt thou do?
For then evermore 'twill be well with thy soul. Haste while there's time,

What wilt thou do? Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul?
Haste while there's time, For then ev- ermore 'twill be well with thy soul.

Heavenly Father, God of Nations. 165

FRANCIS B. REEVES.

Invocation.

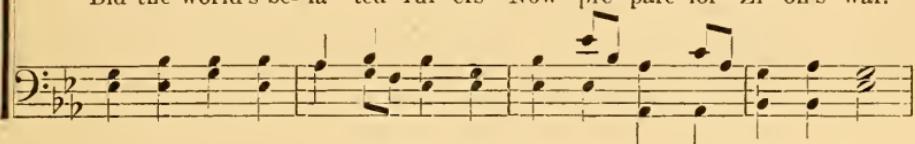
W. M. G. FISCHER.



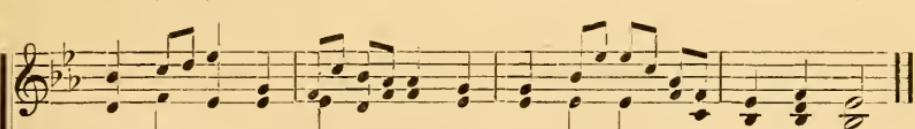
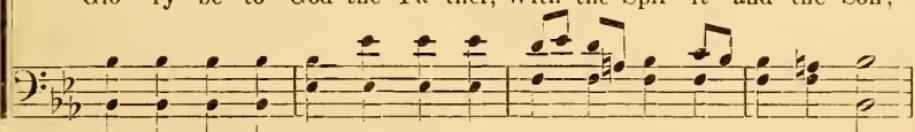
1. Heav'nly Father, God of nations, Thou hast bless'd our native land,
2. Father, haste the day of promise, When, in all the world around,
3. Light the torch of truth and freedom O'er the nations near and far;



Show'ring fa-vors without measure From thy ev-er-gracious hand.
Wars shall cease; ye an-gels, hearken! Hear the gos-pel trumpet sound!
Bid the world's be-la-ted rul-ers Now pre-pare for Zi-on's war.



Oft beside the qui-et wa-ters Thou hast led ns; still lead on;
Wake the ech-o, Christian nations! "Peace on earth," the watchword be,
Glo-ry be to God the Fa-ther, With the Spir-it and the Son;



Shield when dark'ning tempests threaten, Guard us till the storm has gone.
Till love's banner, all-vic-tori-ous, Floats o'er ev-ry land and sea.
Blessing, hon-or, glo-ry, pow-er, To our God, great Three in One.



166 **Come, ye Thankful People, Come.**

Rev. HENRY ALFORD.

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful peo- ple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home;
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his harvest home;
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quickly come To thy fi - nal harvest-home;

All is safe - ly gathered in, Ere the winter's storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth- er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
 From his field shall in that day All of - fence - es purge a - way;
 Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be supplied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
 Give his an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for - ev - er pur - i - fied, In thy presence to a - bide:

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the faith - ful ears to store In his gar - ner ev - er - more.
 Come, with all thine an - gels, come, Raise the glorious harvest-home.

||

We Plough the Fields.

167

M. CLAUDIO. Tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL.

J. A. P. SCHULZ

1. We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is
 2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far: He paints the
 3. We thank thee, then, O Father, For all things bright and good. The seed-time

fed and wa - tered By God's almighty hand: He sends the snow in
 wayside flow - er; He lights the evening star: The winds and waves o-
 and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac- cept the gifts we

winter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sunshine, And
 b e y him, By him the birds are fed; Much more to us, his children, He
 of - fer, For all thy love imparts, And, what thou most desirest, Our

REFRAIN.

soft refresh - ing rain. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a-
 gives our dai - ly bread.
 humble, thankful hearts.

bove; Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord, For all his love.

BELLE M. HEYL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Praise the name of Christ in heaven, Children sing with glad acclaim,
 2. Praise him in the ear-ly morning, When by rest refreshed a - new,
 3. Praise him when the day is ending, When the wea - ry need re - pose,

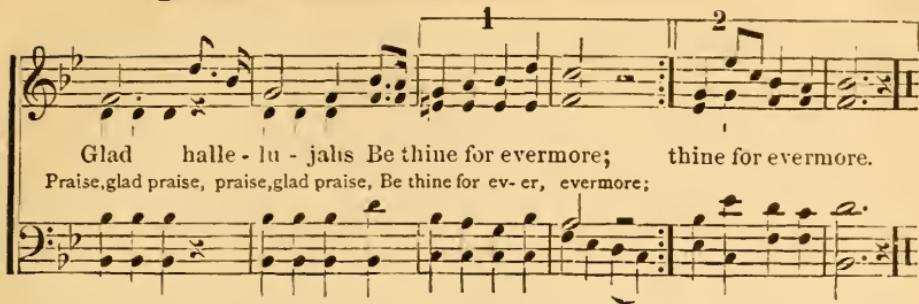
Praise him du - ly, serve him tru - ly, Spread abroad his glorious fame;
 Nature waking, praise is making, Let us humbly worship too;
 Seek his blessing, sin con - fessing, Ere in sleep the eye- lids close;

He so king-ly, we so low-ly, We so sin-ful, he so ho - ly,
 We so fee - ble, he so glorious, He o'er sin and death victorious,
 While in safe - ty we are sleeping He is lov - ing vig - il keeping,

Yet he, self for - getting, hears us When we call up - on his name.
 By the hand he kind - ly leads us All our earth-ly journey through.
 Oh, a - dore him, kneel before him As his children, not his foes.

CHORUS.

Glad hal - le - lu - jahs, Joy - ful we bring to Je - sus our King;
 Praise,glad praise, praise,glad praise,



Come, Come To-day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

4 Prayers are ascending,
Angels are bending,
Friends are attending,
Come while you may;
Ere you are lying
Low with the dying,
For mercy crying,
Come, come to-day.

ADA BLANKHORN,

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. We are marching, marching, marching, Je-sus' lit-tle soldiers true;
2. We are fighting, fighting, fighting with the mighty hosts of sin;
3. When he cometh, cometh, cometh, all his loved ones home to bring.

We are trying, trying, trying each command he gives to do; We are
We are striving, striving, striving daily victories to win; We are
And we're standing, standing, standing in the presence of the King; What re-

go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, guided by his loving hand, And by and by we'll
trusting, trusting, trusting in the help of Christ the Lord, For he will help us
joicing, glad re-joicing in our happy ranks will be, When we receive a

CHORUS.

reach that bright and happy land.

We're boldly marching, marching on; We are Jesus' soldiers true,
marching, we're boldly, boldly marching on;

Trying his commands to do, We are marching on.
We are marching onward, we are marching on.

Listen to the Bells.

A. G. *Animated.*

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I love the happy, happy Christmas time, The time that is so dear;
2. I love to sing of how the Saviour came To dwell up - on the earth;
3. "All glo- ry! glo- ry! be to God on high" Was their ce - les - tial song,
4. Then let us on this happy Christmas day, Sing prais- es to our King;

To hear the ringing of the mer- ry chime That comes from far and near.
How an- gels out up- on Ju - de- a's plain. Proclaimed his wondrous birth.
"Good-will to men, and on the earth be peace," The joy- ful notes pro- long.
Let ev- 'ry heart and ev'ry tongue rejoice, Let bells triumph- ant ring.

CHORUS.

Listen to the bells, Listen to the bells, Listen to the merry, merry Christmas

Listen to the bells, Listen to the bells, Listen to the merry, merry Christmas bells.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Forth in the dawn-light cool, and sweet, and ten - der, While yet the
 2. Forth while the sun rides high - er still in heav - en, Forth while the
 3. Lord, we have heard thee in our youth's glad morning; Lord, we still



dew - drops trem - ble on the flowers, Seek - ing for lab - 'rers,
 noon - tide's fer - vid ra - diance glows, Forth while the shad - ows
 hear thee in our noon - day prime, — Hear thee, and glad - ly,



One doth meekly wander, Calling, still calling thro' the quiet hours; —
 lengthen t'ward the ev - en, Calling for lab'rers, still the Master goes;
 ease and pleasure scorning, Gird us for serv - ice low- ly yet sublime; —



1st and 2d verses, Female Voices only.



"Go, work to - day, the flush of ear - ly morning Brightens the east, and
 "Go, work to - day! — oh, wherefore yet delaying, Stand ye still i - dle
 Take us, ourselves to thee we now surren- der, Take us, and use us



day is com - ing on; Go in the fresh - ness of the day's a -
 as the hours glide on? Go, for the morn - ing waits not for your
 till the day is done, Gath - er us then in thy embrac - es

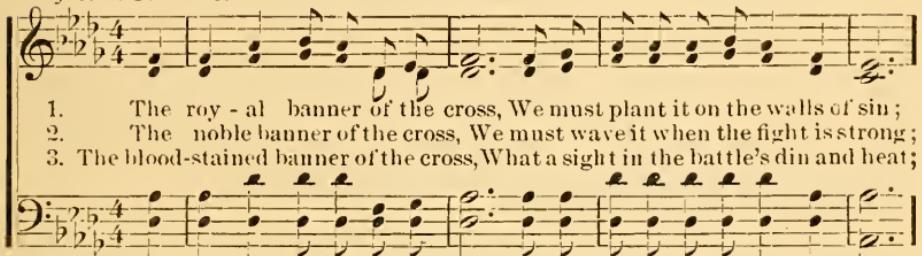




The Royal Banner of the Cross.

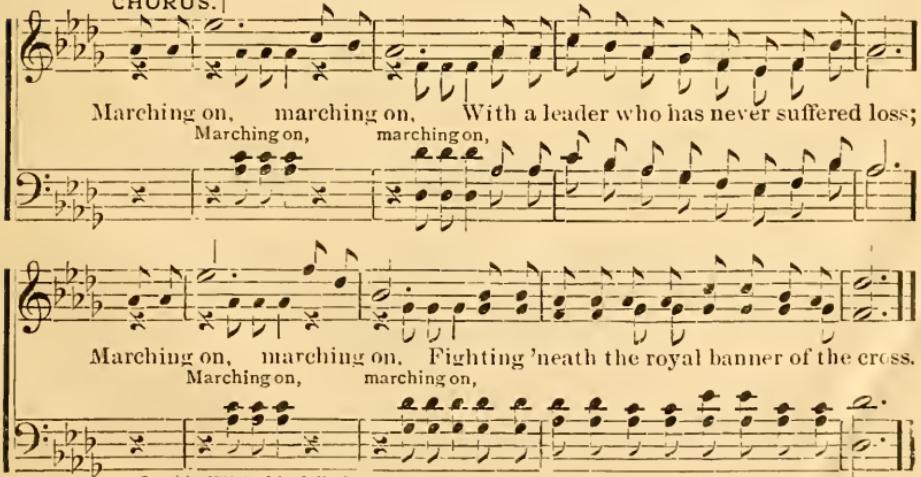
JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

B. FRANK BUTTS.



Rally now to the fray, with a will march away, In our Leader's mighty name to win.
 Bravely onward we'll go, with our faces to the foe, And our Leader's name shall be
 Wounded sore though we be, it revives us to see [our song.
 That dear banner, never furled in defeat.

CHORUS.



174 Nature's Glad Voices are Singing.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Beau ti - ful car - ols of joy we hear, Nature's glad voices are singing;
 2. Winter is o - ver, the song repeat, Nature's glad voices are singing;
 3. Herald the tidings from shore to shore, Nature's glad voices are singing;

Murmuring brooklets the tidings bear, Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Flowers are blooming in fragrance sweet, Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Je - sus is ris - en to die no more, Nature's glad voices are singing;

Woodlands re - echo the glad refrain, Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Birds of the for - est so sweetly sing, Nature's glad voices are singing;
 Echoes of praise o'er the earth resound, Nature's glad voices are singing;

CHORUS. Unison.

Message of cheer to hearts so dear, For spring has come again. Je - sus is
 Mountain and field their sweetness yield To deck the lap of spring.

Anthem of song the praise prolong, Let peace and joy abound.

King! set the Easter joy-bells ring - ing, Peace is in my soul to-day, my

heart is full of sing - ing; Je - sus lives! peal out the song,—new gladness

Harmony.

bring - ing, Let it echo o'er land and sea, for Jesus is risen in - deed!

Love and Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY

B. FRANK BUIT.

1. Be kind to those around us Who bear their toils alone, We cannot know the
2. Be kind to those around us, Nor coldly pass them by. A look, a smile of
3. Be kind to those around us Whose feet perchance have stray'd, Whose sad and bitter
4. Be kind to those around us. Be kind and good to all, That we may be his

CHORUS.

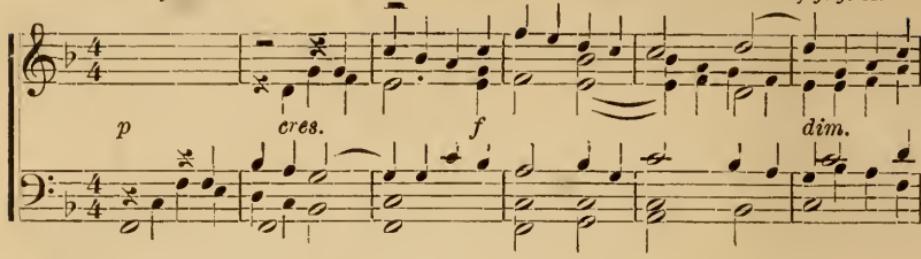
trials Their aching hearts have known. Then scatter love and sunshine, We
gladness May light the downcast eye.
feelings For wrong have dearly paid.
children Who marks the sparrow's fall.

have not long to stay; Oh, scatter love and sunshine, And take the thorns away.

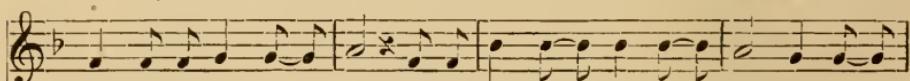
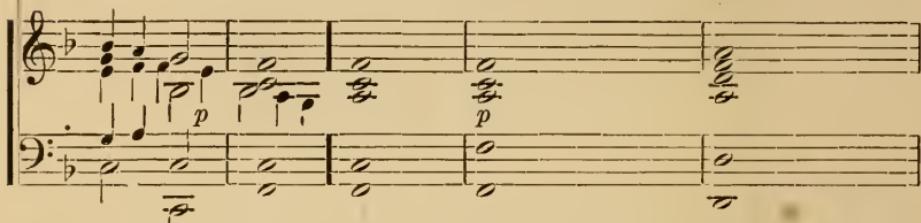
176 **The Redeemer Shall Come to Zion.**

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

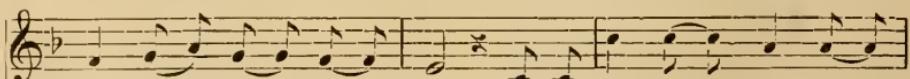
ARTHUR SULLIVAN Arr. by J. J. H.



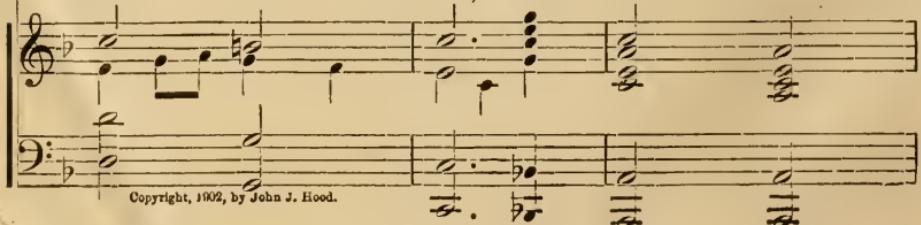
1. "The Redeemer shall come to Zi - on!" Thus
 2. "The Redeemer has come to Zi - on!" Thus
 3. "The Redeemer shall come to Zi - on!" He shall



charted the voices of old, He shall come as a faith- ful Shepherd, And
 warbled the voices of dawn, While the skies o'erflowed with splendor, On the
 come to each wait- ing soul, And the mist of sorrow and sighing At his



gath - er the earth to his fold; He shall come with radiance and
 first glad Christ - mas moru; When the beacons of hope were
 breath a - sun - der shall roll; While darkness and e - vil and



glo - ry, To scatter the darkness and cold; While all lands shall
 kind - led, And shadows of death with - drawn, While the angels came
 ter - ror Shall fade like a van - ishing scroll, And his wide and

ring with his sto - ry,— The blind shall his brightness be - hold.
 down to welcome The day our Re - deemer was born.
 glad do - min - ion Shall ex - tend from pole to pole.

Cometh the Time Foretold.

1. Cometh the time foretold, Dawneth the age of gold, In this Child's birth; Hail we
 2. Worship the new-born Child; Shepherds from pastures wild, Your homage pay; O star, mark

3. Now to the Christ-babe, born On this long-look'd for morn, Hallelujah! To our
 [great

promised day; Hail we the Christ-child's sway; From heav'n the angels say, "Peace, peace on earth!"
 well the place; Magi, behold the face Of him who bringeth grace On this glad day.
 Lord and King, Of all our joys the spring, Glad hallelujahs sing! Amen, amen.

Our Hymns M

Slowly, with gentleness.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd ; He shall gather the lambs with his arms

And carry them in his bosom, And carry them in his bosom ;

m

He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a
He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock, His

shepherd, He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shepherd, And gather the
He shall feed his

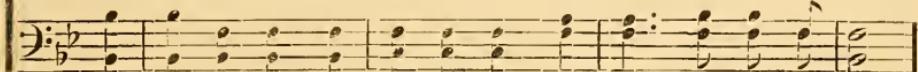
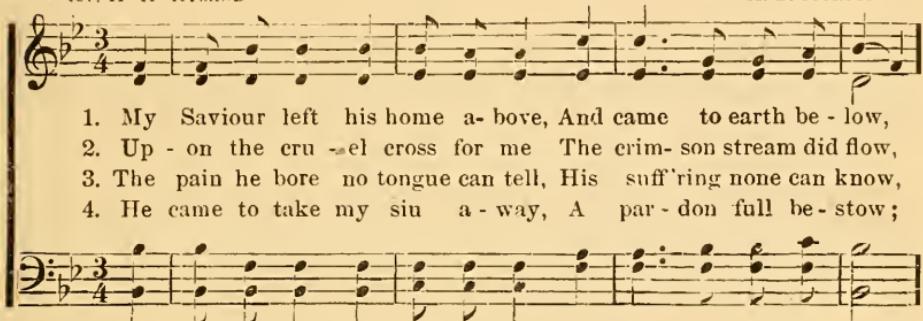
lambs in his arms, And gather the lambs in his
And gath-er the lambs in his arms, And



Because He Loved Me So.

Rev. H. H. RYLAND

A. B. MORTON



CHORUS.



1. Soldiers of th' eternal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
 2. La - bel it on ev - ry door, Place it high the pulpit o'er, Let it stand for -
 3. Place it on the chisel'd stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the

churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the temple's spire,
 ev - er-more! Up! for Je - sus stand. Blazon it in mansion - halls,
 monarch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might

Ut - ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus stand ;
 Pencil it on prison walls ; Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus stand.
 Roll for reason and for right, Flash it on the nation's sight ; Up! for Jesus stand.

CHORUS.

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand. Up! for Jesus stand,
 Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.
 Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.

Up! for Jesus stand ; Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up! for Jesus stand.

Jesus stand ;

Loyalty to Christ.

181

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Go forth at Christ's command, Go forth to ev'ry laud, Thro' loy- al- ty to
 2. Be brave to help them win Who strive to conquer sin, Thro' loy- al- ty to
 3. See! Satan's bauners wave, Oh, haste the lost to save Thro' loy- al- ty to
 4. O children of the free! Let this your watchword be: "Thro' loy- al- ty to

Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Let strong your efforts be To gain the
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Point out the path of light, Be strong to
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ; Beat back the hosts of sin, Press on the
 Christ, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ;" Let hills and valleys ring, While men and

D.S.—Go forth to fight the wrong, And shout the

Fine.

vic- to - ry. Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
 do the right, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
 fight to win, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.
 angels sing, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.

victor's song, Thro' loy- al- ty, yes, loy- al- ty, Thro' loy- al- ty to Christ.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Onward, onward, army of the Lord! There's naught to fear while trusting in his word;

What Did Jesus Say?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

(The recitations may be read, or may be recited by scholars, either singly or in classes. It will be very useful to commit these portions of Scripture to memory, and the school might ask and answer these questions, in sections or classes, or individuals might be appointed to do so. It is too long to be performed without some variety of this kind.)

GEO. F. ROOT.

SONG. *Recitando.*

RECITATION.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? *Luke ii: 49.*

2.—SONG.

Jesus at the Jordan, | coming unto John, That he might baptize him, | the beloved Son; [turn away When John from his purpose | sought to Jesus, at the Jordan, | what did Jesus say?

RECITATION.

Jesus, answering, said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. *Matt. iii: 15.*

3.—SONG.

At the well of Jacob, | resting by its brink, Bidding the Samaritan | give to him to drink, [ought to pray, When she asked of Jesus—where men At the well of Jacob, | what did Jesus say?

RECITATION.

Jesus saith unto her, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. *John iv: 21, 23.*

4.—SONG.

In the humble Nazareth, | where they made his home, [come: When he out of Egypt | long ago had In the Jewish Synagogue, | on the Sabbath day; [say? In the humble Nazareth, | what did Jesus say?

RECITATION.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up. And as his custom was,

he went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read, * * The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. *Luke iv: 16, 18.*

5.—SONG.

On the sea of Galilee, | when the storm was high, [cry: Save us, Lord! we perish! | his disciples While they marvel greatly, | as the winds obey, [say? On the sea of Galilee, | what did Jesus

RECITATION.

He saith unto them, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. *Matt. viii: 26.*

6.—SONG.

Coming unto Bethany, | meeting, full of gloom, [tomb, Martha, mourning Lazarus, | lying in the Of the Resurrection, | and the last Great Day, [say? Coming unto Bethany, | what did Jesus

RECITATION.

Jesus saith unto Martha, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. *John xi: 23-25.*

7.—SONG.
 Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | city of the
 King. [his loving wing.
 Whom he would have gathered | 'neath
 Mourning for her children, | going all
 astray, [sus say?
 Weeping o'er Jerusalem, | what did Je-
 RECITATION.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killst
 the prophets, and stonest them which are
 sent unto thee, how often would I have
 gathered thy children together, even as a
 hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,
 and ye would not! *Matt. xxiii: 37.*

8.—SONG.
 At the Lord's last supper, | ere he went
 to die, [nigh;
 In that upper chamber, | as the end drew
 When he gently told them | he must go
 away, [Jesus say?
 At the Lord's last supper, | what did

RECITATION.

In my Father's house are many mansions;
 if it were not so I would have told you. I
 go to prepare a place for you. *John xiv: 2.*

9.—SONG.
 In the dark Gethsemane | his disciples
 slept, [prayed and wept;
 While, exceeding sorrowful, | Jesus
 When he found them sleeping, | who
 should watch and pray. [Jesus say?
 In the dark Gethsemane, | what did

RECITATION.

He found them sleeping for sorrow, and
 said unto them, Why sleep ye? Rise and
 pray, lest ye enter into temptation. *Luke*
xxii: 45, 46.

10.—SONG.
 From the mount of Calvary, | on the
 cross of woe, [him so,
 Seeing the three Marys. | they who loved

To the dear disciple, | ere he went away,
 From the mount of Calvary, | what did
 Jesus say?

RECITATION.

There stood by the cross of Jesus, his
 mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the
 wife of Cleophas; and Mary Magdalene.
 When Jesus, therefore, saw his mother, and
 the disciple standing by whom he loved, he
 saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy
 son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold
 thy mother! And from that hour that dis-
 ciple took her unto his own home. *John*
xix: 26, 27.

11.—SONG.
 Walking unto Emmaus, | at the even-
 tide, [abide;
 When the two disciples | said, With us
 Drawing near the village, | when far
 spent the day, [say?
 Walking into Emmaus, | what did Jesus

RECITATION.

He said unto them, O fools, and slow of
 heart to believe all that the prophets have
 spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered
 these things and to enter into his glory?
Matt. xxiv: 25, 26.

12.—SONG.
 On the hills of heaven, | in the world
 above, [drous love;
 Where the little children | learn his won-
 All their sins forgiven, | in that blessed
 day, [say?
 On the hills of heaven, | what will Jesus

RECITATION.

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit
 the kingdom prepared for you from the
 foundation of the world. *Matt. xxv: 34.*

(Let the last answer be repeated as follows, in
 full chorus, to close with)

Come, ye blessed of my Fa- ther, inherit the kingdom prepared for you
 from the foundation of the world, from the foundation of the world. A - men.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold ; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my
 3. Oh ! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
 Sa - viour ! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
 be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name written there ?
 let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, — Is my name written there ?

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there ?

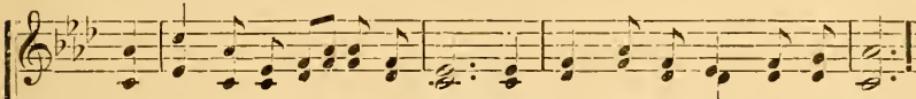
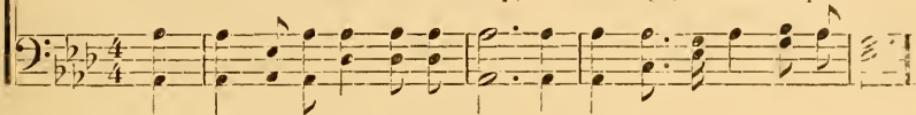
The Rock that is Higher than I. 185

E. JOHNSON.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.



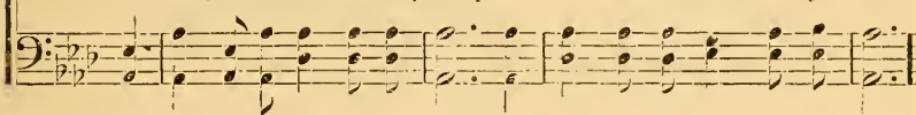
1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings, or sorrows prevail;



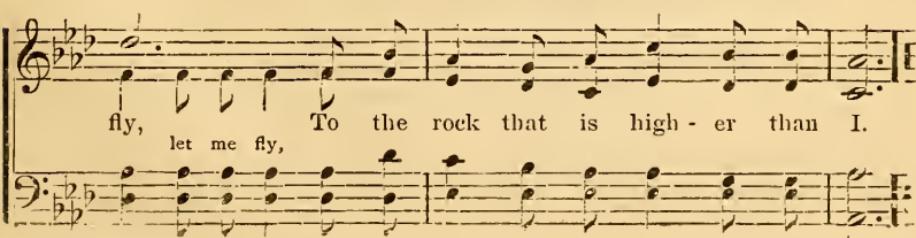
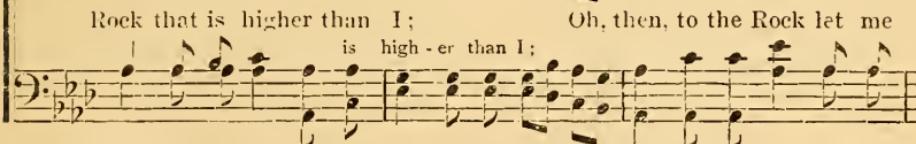
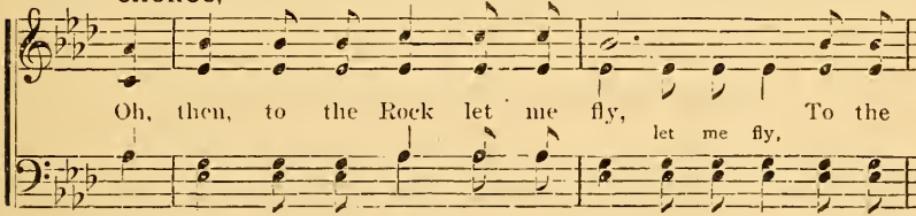
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.

But, toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.



CHORUS,



S. F. SMITH.

Tune, AMERICA. 6, 4.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees

[Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal

4. Our Father's God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our

cres.

father's died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;

tongues awake, [My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

[Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks theirs silence break, The sound prolong,
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our

187 God Bless our Native Land.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Tune, ITALIAN HYMN.

1. God bless our native land; Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night; When
2. For her our pray'rs shall rise To God above the skies; On him we wait; Thou who art
3. To God—the Father, Son, And Spirit—three in one, All praise be giv'n! Crown him in

[the wild

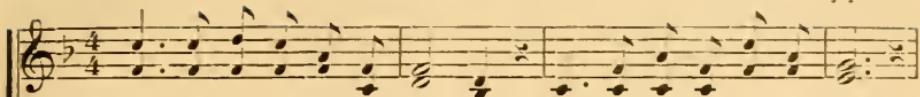
tempests rave, Ruler of winds and wave, Do thou our country save By thy great might.
ever nigh, Guardian with watchful eye, To thee aloud we cry, God save the state.
ev'ry song; To him your hearts belong; Let all his praise prolong, — On earth, in

[heav'n.

What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!



What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!

D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!

Fine.



O what peace we often for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,



2 Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful

Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness,

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,

Cumbered with a load of care?

Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?

Take it to the Lord in prayer;

In his arms he'll take and shield thee,

Thou wilt find a solace there.

The Wideness of God's Mercy.

(Tune above.)

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:

There's a kindness in his justice,

Which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner,

And more graces for the good;

There is mercy with the Saviour;

There is healing in his blood.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal

Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,

We should take him at his word;

And our lives would be all sunshine

In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

Dennis. S. M.

190 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

191 How Gentle God's Commands!

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find!
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

192 Sow in the Morn thy Seed.

- Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no need,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

193 Did Christ o'er Sinners weep.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Just as I Am.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON

Fine.

1. { The great Physi - cian now is near, The sympa - thizing Je - sus;
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
 2. { Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus:
 2. { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D.S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung. Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
 REFRAIN.

{ Sweetest note in ser - aph song, }
 { Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue. }

D.S.

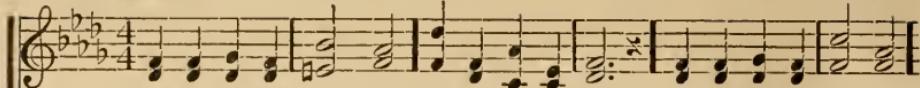
3 All glory to the dying Lamb;
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savionr's name,
 I love the name of Jesns.
 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear,
 The charming name of Jesus.

In the Hour of Trial.

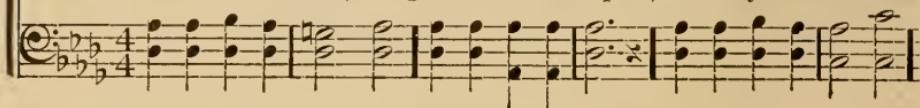
"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

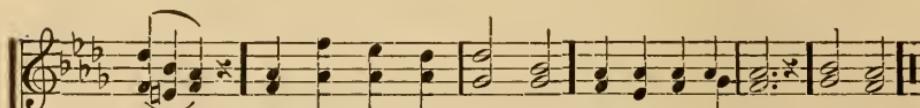
SPENCER LANE.



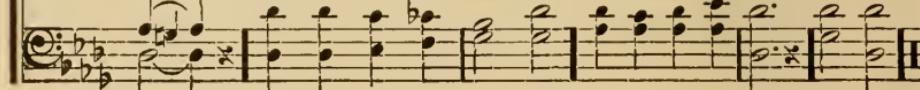
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me ; Lest by base de-ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm ; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe ; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth



I depart from Thee, When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re-
 Spread to work me harm ; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-sem-a-
 On my path be - low : Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
 To the dust a - gain ; On Thy truth re-ly - ing, Through that mortal



call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.
 ne, Or, in dark- er semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary. A- men.
 see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.



Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.



1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all ;



Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes.
Though earth and hell my way oppose.
He safely leads my soul along.
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

198

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above —
A ransomed soul!

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

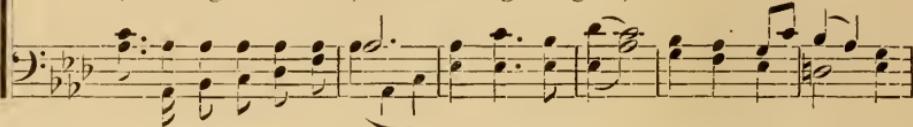
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



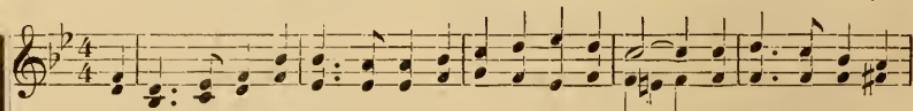
do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me. day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will · remember not past years. an - gel fac - es smile. Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



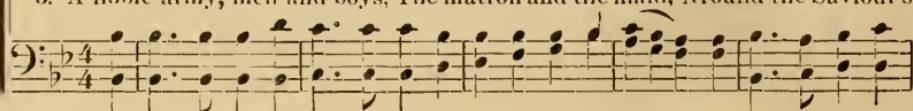
200 The Son of God Goes Forth.

REGINALD HEBER.

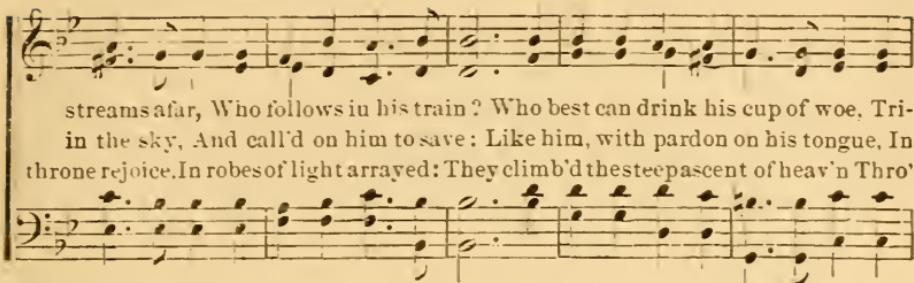
Dr H. S. CUTLER.



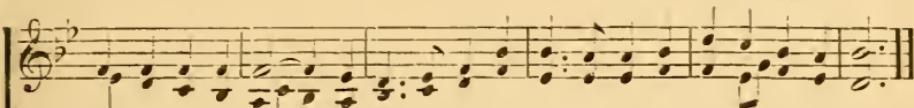
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain: His blood-red banner
2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye Who saw his Master Could pierce beyond the grave,
3. A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid, Around the Saviour's



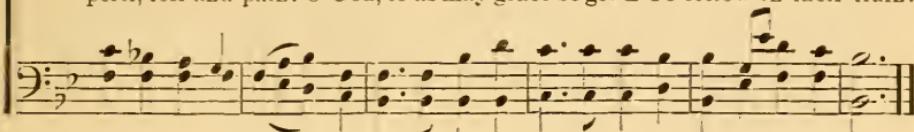
The Son of God Goes Forth.—CONCLUDED.



streams afar, Who follows in his train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And call'd on him to save: Like him, with pardon on his tongue, In
throne rejoice. In robes of light arrayed: They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n Thro'



umphant over pain; Who patient bears his cross below, He follows in his train.
midst of mortal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
peril, toil and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To follow in their train!

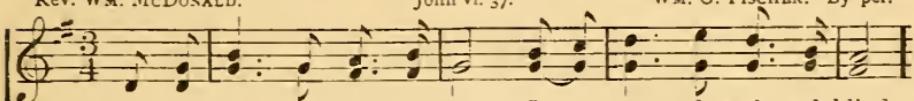


201 I am Coming to the Cross.

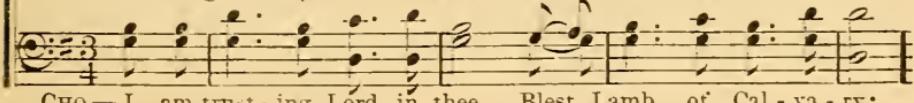
Rev. Wm. McDonald.

John vi. 37.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

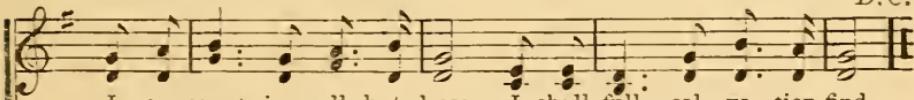


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;



CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D.C.



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me.— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bo - dy thine to be,— Whol-ly thine for ev - er-more.



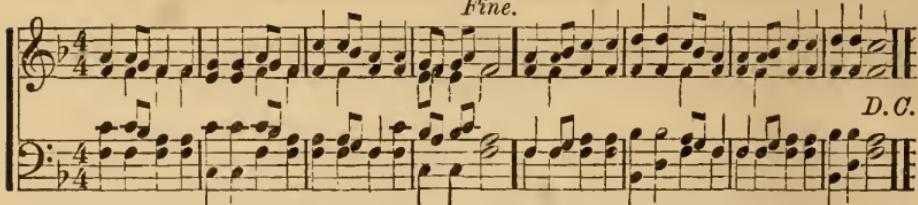
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust.
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Fine.

D.C.



1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness lie requireth
 Is to feel your need of him
 This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

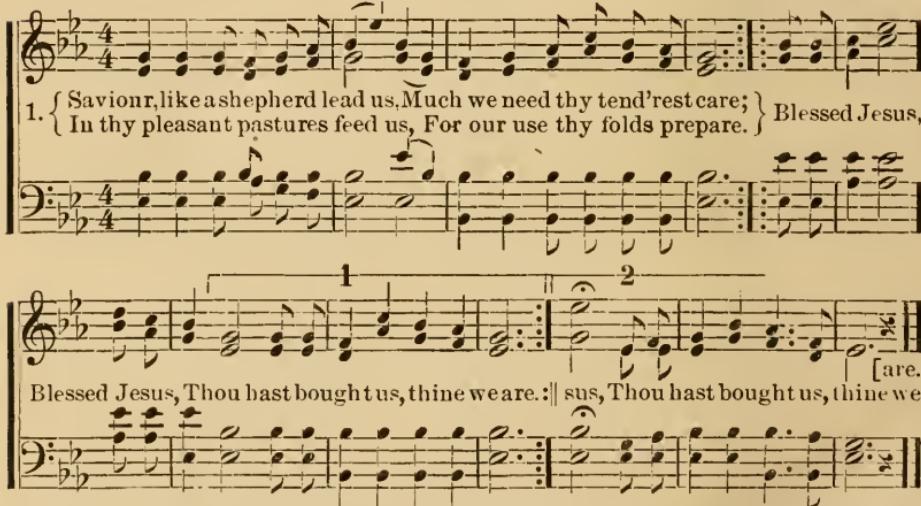
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

203 Saviour, like a Shepherd Lead us.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us. Much we need thy tend'rest care; } Blessed Jesus,
{ In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare. } [are.
Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are. sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us ever turn to thee.

204 **Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.**

HENRY F. LYTE.

Tune, AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and follow thee;

Na - ked, poor, despised for- sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

Per- ish ev - 'ry fond am- bition, All I've sought and hop'd, and known;

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harin me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
6 Haste thee on from grace to glory.
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

205 **Gently Lead Us.**

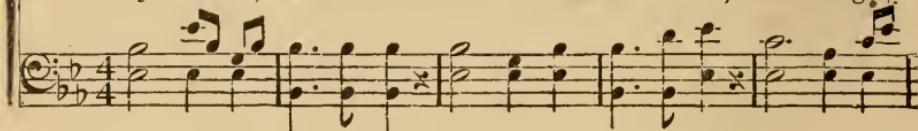
1 Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKA. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

Tune, JEWETT. 58.

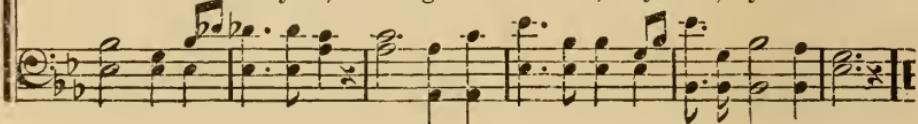
1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
 2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: The'seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
 fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bove,



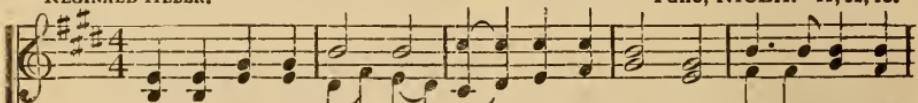
Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
 I trav-el calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done"



Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

Tune, NICEA. 11, 12, 10.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty! All thy works shall



Holy, holy, holy.—CONCLUDED.

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns around the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim
 sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; Ou - ly thou art ho - ly!
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

208

Rock of Ages.

Tune, TOPLADY. 7.
Fine.

1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
 D. C.—Be of sin the double cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

D. S.

Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Not the labor of my hands,
 Can fulfil the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,—
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

Helpless, look to thee for grace,—
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,

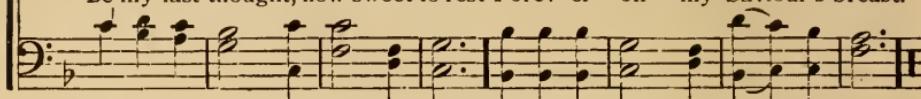
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgement-throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me.
 Let me hide myself in thee.



1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,



O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev-er on my Saviour's breast.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Hath spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

210 Sweet is the Work.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;

Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

211 Jesus, Engrave it.

1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

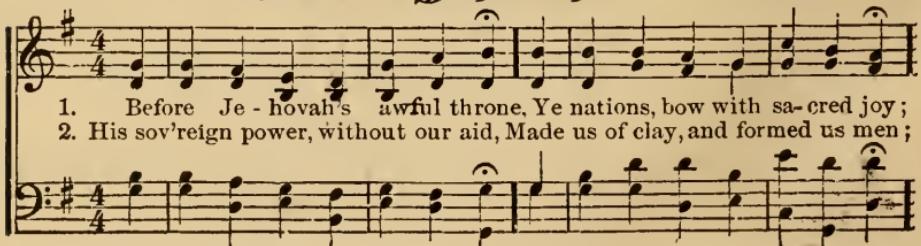
2 Needful art thou to make me live,
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thine indulgent care,
Needful thine all-prevailing prayer.

4 Needful art thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'l needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

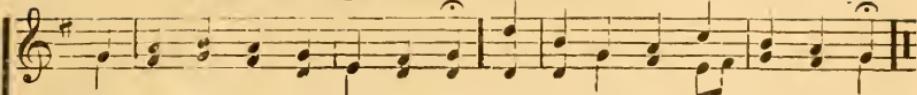
212

Before Jehovah's. Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

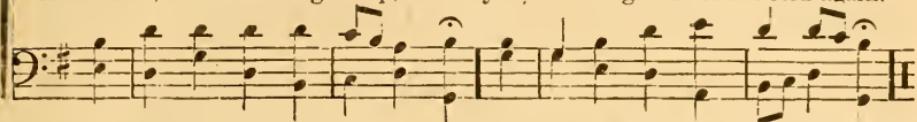


1. Before Je-hovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa-cred joy;
2. His sov'reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;

Before Jehovah's.—CONCLUDED.



Know that the Lord is God a lone—He can create, and he destroy.
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold again.



3 We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs.
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with herten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
[praise.]

213

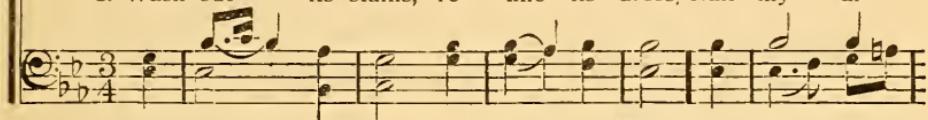
Θ Thou to Whose.

Tune, STONEFIELD. L. M.

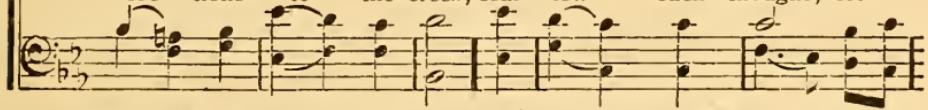
Tr. by J. WESLEY



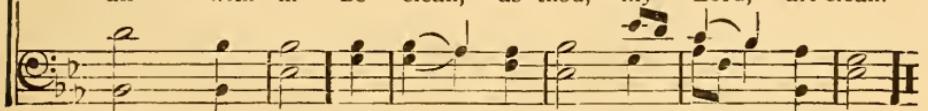
1. O thou, to whose all - searching sight The dark - ness
2. Wash out its stains, re - fine its dross, Nail my af-



shin - eth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it
fec - tions to the cross; Hal - low each thought; let

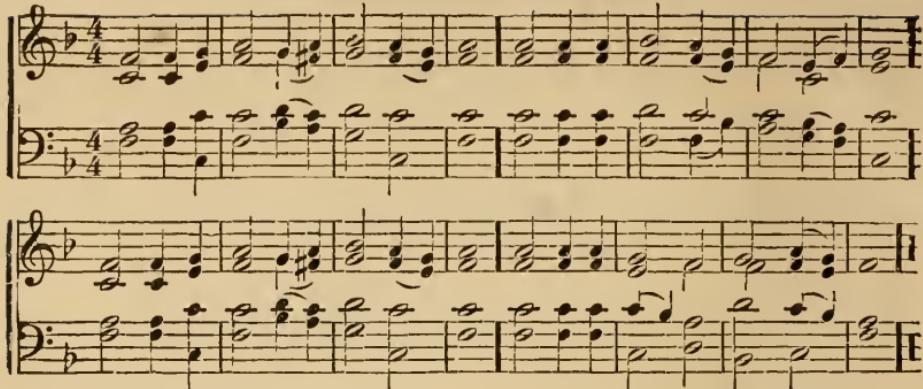


pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.
all with - in Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.



3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.



215 While Life Prolongs.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming
sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the
grave:
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall
rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

216 Jesus, my All.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestous the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray,
Thou art my Light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise,
But when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies;
Thou art my Rock.
- 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,

Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.

- 6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

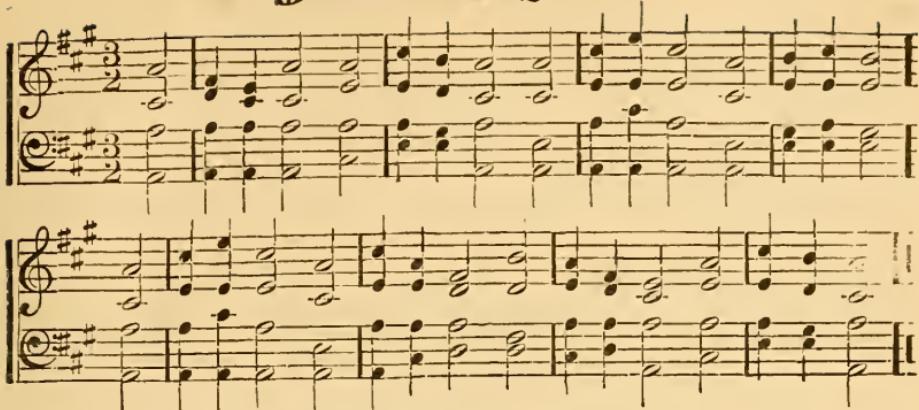
217 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

218 When I Survey.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Forest. L. M.



219

O that my load of sin were gone.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind;
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;

I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

—CHAS. WESLEY.

220

Father, Whate'er.

ANNE STEELE.

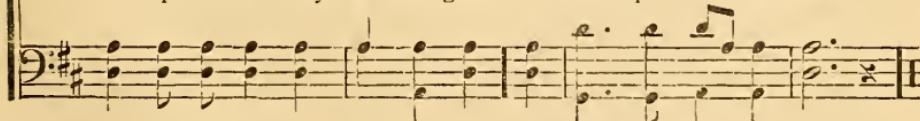
TUNE, NAOMI. C. M.



1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,



Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.



2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

How do Thy Mercies.

Tune, FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1. How do thy mercies close me round! Forev-er be thy name a-dored;
 2. Inured to pov-er-ty and pain, A suff'ring life my Mas-ter led;

I blush in all things to a-bound; The servant is a-bove his Lord.
 The Son of God, the Son of Man, He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
 For me, whom watchful angels keep;
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
 What can the Rock of Ages move?
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest?
 Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

223 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
 And oh, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

224 Come Hither, All Ye Weary Souls.

1 Come hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight;
 My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble **zeal**
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

225 My Gracious Lord!

1 My gracious Lord! I own thy right
 To every service I can pay;
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end,
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
 To him who for my ransom died;
 Nor could untainted Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more,
 And my last hour of life confess
 His dying love, his saving power.

Go, Labor On.

R. BONAR.

Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT.

1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

2. Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3. Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4. Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Awake, my Soul.

Tune,
CHRISTMAS. C.M.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems]

5. Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

The Morning Light.

Tune, WEBB. 7.6. Fine.

D.S. 1 The morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

229 GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall he lead
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve him,"
 Against unnumbered foes:
 Your courage rise with danger.
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

230

When, His Salvation Bringing.

1 When, his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosannas to his name.
 Nor did their zeal offend him,
 For as he rode along,
 He let them still attend him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still;
 Though now as King he reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around his banner,
 Who sits upon the throne;
 And cry aloud "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise:
 The stones, our silence shaming
 Might well hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.



232 From Greenland's icy.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

233 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,—
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—LOVE.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

Tune, PARK STREET. L. M.

1. Lo! round the throne, a glo - rious band, The saints in count - less
 myr - iads stand; Of ev - 'ry tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in
 garments washed in blood, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, despised the shame;
 But now from all their labors rest,
 In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
 They sing the triumph of his grace;
 And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
 To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
 That holy saints and martyrs trod;
 Wage to the end the glorious strife,
 And win, like them, a crown of life!

And thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name;
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

—ISAAC WATTS.

236

Soon may the last glad song.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the millions of the skies;
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms
 Obedient, mighty God, to thee; [be
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
 Till not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

235 Now to the Lord.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song:
 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
 Hosanna to the eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God;

238 Asleep in Jesus!

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep :
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

239 What Sinners Value I Resign;

Tune, Park Street.

1 What sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 Oh, glorious hour !—oh, blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

240 God Calling Yet.

1 God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie ?

2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay ?
He calls me still ; can I delay ?

3 God calling yet ! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait, but he does not forsake ;
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !

4 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
My heart I yield without delay :
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part ;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

241 Jesus shall Reign.

Tune, Park Street.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head :
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus pierc-ed feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

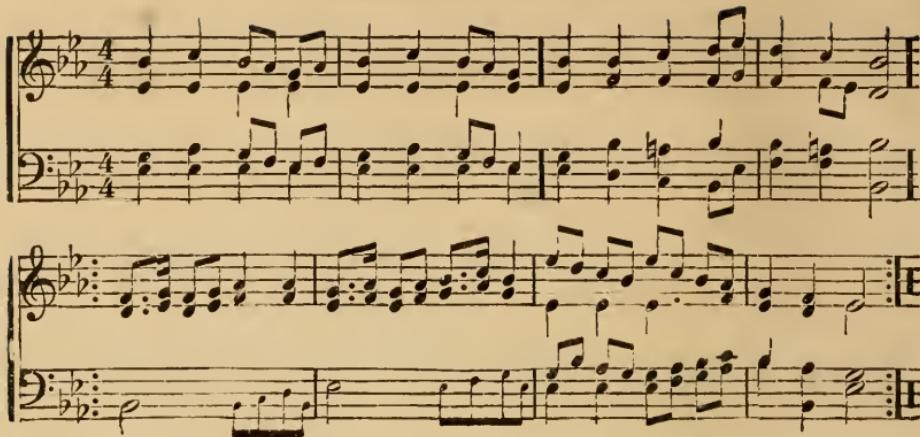
WILLIAM COWPER.

Rev. E. ROBINSON.

Fine.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home ;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Our Hymns — 0



247 Lord, Dismiss Us.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

248 Saviour! Visit Thy Plantation.

1 Saviour! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

CHO.—Lord revive us, Lord revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power:
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

249 May the Grace of Christ.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

250 We have Come to Worship Jesus.
Tune Vespers.

1 We have come to worship Jesus,
And in adoration bow
Low before our gracious Saviour,
Who vouchsafes to hear us now.

2 Jesus, Friend of earth-bound sinners,
Wash away our every stain;
May our hearts to thee be opened,
So that thou may'st in them reign.

3 May we find thy great salvation,
And our souls be filled with love;
May thy Kingdom here, Lord Jesus,
Soon be like to heav'n above.

4 Prayers ascend, like incense rising,
For new pardon, grace, and peace:
May thy Spirit's influence brighten
All our lives,—our faith increase.

5 May the wisdom of thy gospel
Comfort for all times afford;
And may we be waiting, ready
At thy coming, dearest Lord,

H. S. JONES.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove ;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love :
D.C.—Halle - lujah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.
See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

2 King of glory ! reign forever ;
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own :
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

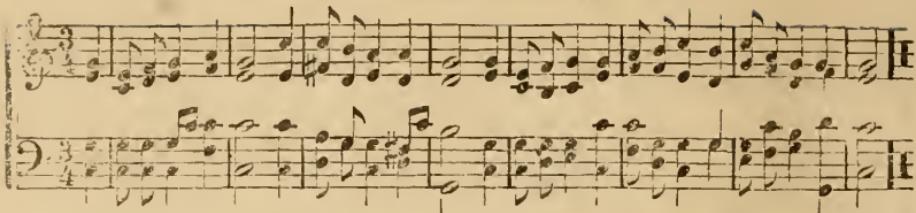
3 Saviour ! hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
" Glory, glory to our King ! "

1. Lo! the day of rest de- clin - eth, Gather fast the shades of night ;
2. While, thine ear of love ad- dressing, This our parting hymn we sing,

May the Sun which ev- er shin- eth Fill our sonls with heavenly light.
Father, grant thine evening blessing, Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

1 Another year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee.
2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

3 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence " all the days."
4 Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.



255 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace;
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above; [fire,
And give us hearts and tongues of
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

256 The Day is Past and Gone.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear!
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

257 Lord Teach Us how to Pray.

- 1 Lord, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.
- 2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

258 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer,
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

259 A Charge to Keep I Have.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Vigoroso.

261 I love Thy kingdom.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend :
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

262 Grace!

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

263 Stand up, and bless.

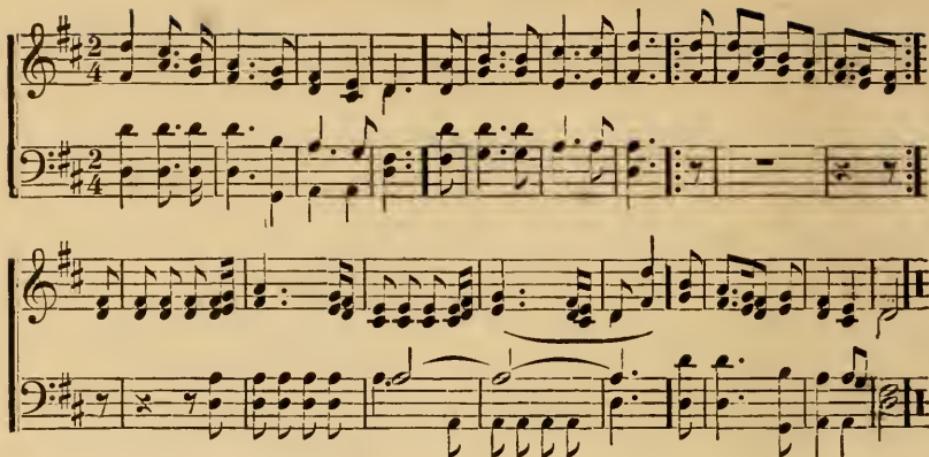
- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

264 Purity of heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs :
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

265 Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.



267

O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise ;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,—
 To spread, through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood availed for me.

268

Hark the Glad Sound.

1 Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour, promised long ;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
 2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyes oppressed with night
 To pour celestial day.
 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

269

Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

270

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore,

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
 2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball;
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all;
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall.
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song.
 And crown him Lord of all.

C. M.

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth or sky;
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given;
 It scatters all their guilty fear;
 It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head;
 Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
 And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace!
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim:
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

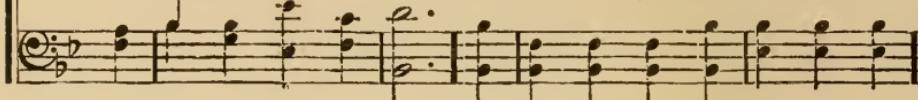
6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name,
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"



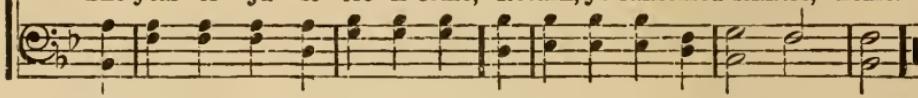
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound ! Let all the nations know,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made : Ye weary spirits, rest



To earth's re - mo - test bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!



The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.



3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

274 Come, every pious heart.

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside.
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?
3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give,—
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

276 Through all the Changing.

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 My soul shall make her boast in him,
And celebrate his fame;
Come, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will will decide
How biest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

277 This is the Day.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own—
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

278 Am I a Soldier of the Cross

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

279 Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.

1 Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs:
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

2 The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave—
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

3 Siloam is the fountain's name:
It means *One sent of God*;
And thus the holy Saviour's name
It gently spreads abroad.

4 Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full his mercies are.

In the Cross of Christ.

1 In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sa - cred sto-ry, Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me.
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

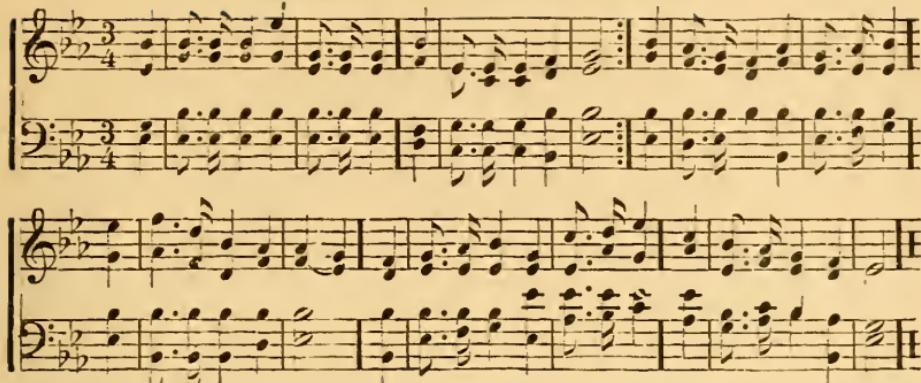
EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers
 2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd? To do the will of Jesus,
 3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but

peace with - in.
 this is rest.
 calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
 In Jesus keeping we are safe, and they.
 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.



283 I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest,—
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad:
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,—
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

284 Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
Oh, when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom,
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

285 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roiled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

286 Whilst Thee I seek.

1 Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Rev. WILLIAM W. WALFORD

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care. }
 And bids me at my Father's throue Make all my wants and

D.C. — And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet

2 — Fine. D.C.

wishes known; In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often found relief,
 hour of pray'r.

2 ||: Sweet hour of pray'r! :||
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

3 ||: Sweet hour of pray'r, :||
 May I thy consolation share;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing thro' the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
 2 Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav'n.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
 and the glory, For ever and ever. A - men.

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